

Children's Newspaper, November 28, 1931

The C.N. at Any House
on Earth for 11s a Year
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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 662

Week Ending
NOVEMBER 28, 1931

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE POET THE WORLD PASSED BY

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THE SPIRIT OF THE MEN OF PENDEEN

UNEMPLOYED BUT USEFUL

Giving Something Back to the
Community

THE NEW VILLAGE INSTITUTE

The C.N. has often wished the unemployed could find some means of doing the work that lies about on every hand waiting to be done. This is what the men of Pendeen found to do.

Pendeen is a small village near Land's End in the heart of the once rich tin-mining district of Cornwall called Penwith; but Pendeen is not rich now. Every mine in the place has been closed for years and every miner is unemployed and living as best he can on his straitened means.

This seems especially sad when we remember that the Cornish tin mines are Britain's oldest industry, worked two thousand years ago. Whole families have followed this calling for generations and can look to no other way of earning their bread from this rugged district.

Helping Their Native Place

But, though workless, the men of Pendeen are determined not to be useless. The writer met a woman in the village street the other day who explained all about their brave effort to help their native place in spite of every discouragement. She pointed out with pride the new men's institute, which they had almost finished building. Square in shape and serviceable it was of red Cornish granite, durable as the hills and quarried on the spot. The site had been given by a public-spirited inhabitant, and the men's work had been entirely voluntary, organised by themselves alone. When the writer saw it the hall was nearly ready for use; the painting was done, the window-frames were being put in, and the building was to be opened the next week, to the joy of the villagers.

The Good Old Cornish Motto

"Not so bad a bit of work for untrained men, is it?" asked my friend in passing, for Pendeen folk are proud of their new institute, and still more so of the spirit of the men who built it.

"And now they are going to paint up the two chapels in the place," continued this woman, "and then do anything else that wants doing. For, you see, they want to feel that they are of some use."

As the writer went on down the street two young men were sweeping out the school-yard, another instance of simple service to the community; and one thought with pride and gratitude of these poor miners of Pendeen who, in the midst of their own troubles, only wanted to be of some use still, and so to carry on in the spirit of the good old Cornish motto. One and All.

The Gipsy Mother



Who could refuse to buy flowers from this gipsy mother with her happy baby? This charming photograph by Mr W. Fisk-Moore was shown at a recent exhibition in London.

THE BIBLE OF GREAT PRICE

A GUTENBERG Bible has changed hands for the sum of more than £25,000.

It is a great sum of money in these times for a book which, in another form but containing the same sacred Word, the Bible Society will sell for the small sum of one shilling.

The Bible Society sells its Bibles by the thousand and, printed in every language, sends them out to all countries in the world. But it was the Gutenberg Bible which first opened the flood-gates for the outflow.

Johannes Gutenberg printed it about the year 1436. He printed it and others, some on vellum and some on paper, and his Bibles were precious things which passed into the possession of great personages. They passed from hand to hand, and in Europe now there are perhaps 40 copies.

Some of the 40 copies are in America. Because they are so few in number

they command great and ever greater sums. One of them, called the Mazarin Bible, was thought to have reached the summit of prices when it was sold for some £4000 a generation ago.

Their real distinction is of another kind. They were the first books to be printed with movable type. Before that time every book, written manuscript or transfer from block, was a thing by itself. The movable type of old Johannes led the way to mass production.

It was a slow way, for his Bibles took five years to produce, but his invention was one of the milestones of history. It made possible the advancement of learning by the multiplication of books of every kind.

Not without meaning was the noblest work from his printing press the Bible, that great book which our forefathers afterwards won for us the right to open and the power to read whenever we wish to do so.

A MAN AND A PANTHER

REMARKABLE FIGHT WITH A BIG CAT

The Woodsman Who Can
Throw Straight and Hard

HOW HE SAVED HIMSELF

Memory says that the C.N. once told of a boy who frightened off a lion with a shrewd blow from a cricket bat.

Think what might have happened if there had been no cricket bat handy!

Now we hear of a man who saved his life through playing baseball.

Charles E. Mattern is not only a woodsman, but a baseball pitcher. He can throw straight and hard.

He was wandering without any weapon near one of the logging camps in the Cowlitz Hills, in the State of Washington, when he heard a noise behind him, and turned to see a panther four feet away.

A Thrilling Moment

It was preparing to spring. Nothing is prettier than to see a cat do that when you are trailing a piece of string for her, but nothing is more terrible than to see one of the huge cats of the wild doing it. For the force of that spring will almost surely bring a man to the ground, and that will be the end.

Mattern at once started to walk rapidly backward, and the panther followed quickly. The man retreated toward a rock and jumped on to it, but slipped backward. Quickly he jumped on to the rock again, but the panther had now got its forelegs there. Mattern kicked hard at its shoulder, and it overbalanced.

Before the panther recovered the man was jumping for a point where there were many large stones, and as the panther came at him he flung a stone hard at its open mouth.

The beast was checked. The man threw again and missed it. Then the creature came on. There was only time for one more shot; with all his might the man flung a stone the size of his fist at the beast, then six feet away.

Player, Not Mere Watcher

It struck the creature between the eyes, and the panther sank down. Yet after a few seconds it rose, and crawled away into the undergrowth. The man hurried to camp, returning with friends and rifles. Gamely the panther rose to meet the attack, but a shot quickly put the creature out of its pain and an end to its dangerous career.

The woodsmen found that the baseball player had smashed several front teeth with the first shot, and done enough damage with the second to crack a man's skull. It appears that the head of a lady panther is tougher than a man's, but at any rate the blow disabled her.

It seems quite clear that there would be no Charles Mattern alive today if he had been content to watch others instead of playing himself.

THE LIONS BY THE TRAIN

KING OF BEASTS AND THE NIGHT MAIL

Shadowy Forms Prowling in the East African Bush

PERILS OF THE DROUGHT

There is no need for the ticket collector on the night mail from Mombasa to Nairobi to wake passengers in order to examine their tickets.

He wakes them all the same, however, and, as they rub their sleepy eyes, he apologises by asking them if they would like to see some lions.

There they are! The train has stopped at the Mackinnon Road Station, and in the moonlight four or five shadowy forms are prowling in the East African bush. The bush comes close to the line, and so do the lions. The mail passengers stare at them, for even in East Africa one does not see a lion every day. The lions stare back, for they are not much afraid and perhaps would like to see the passengers closer.

In Search of Water

Lions on the Uganda Railway have always been a problem. When, some years ago, part of the line was under construction or repair, a gang of lions suddenly took to attacking the workmen and grew bolder with every attack. Since then, though that historic raid has not been repeated, familiarity with the railway line has bred in the Kenya lion indifference to the roar of trains. He comes out of the jungle to match his own roar against it.

Of late more practical needs have brought the lions closer. There is a drought in the lowlands of Kenya. The forest pools and streams have run dry. The Kings of the Forest are reduced to seeking for water in the wet mud beneath the water-tanks of the little railway stations.

There they snarl and hustle in the night. At some stations the staff locks itself in to keep the lions out. At others the Indian stationmasters (more resourceful than the one who is said to have telegraphed to headquarters "Tiger on platform; wire instructions") beat empty petrol tins when a train is approaching.

No Waste of Time

Though the lions do not mind trains this novel form of gong alarms them for a time. The stationmaster hurriedly collects packages, the passengers collect themselves, and with positively no waste of time the train moves off, and the stationmaster entrenches himself behind closed doors.

The wayside station has gone to sleep again, but not the lions. In the tropical night they pad closer and closer to the water-tank. The snarling and scuffling begin again, but most of them are too thirsty to quarrel. If the stationmaster came out with a bucket of water they might even make friends with him, but the stationmaster is not likely to risk it. He knows lions, and hopes only for the break-up of the drought, when a drink a day will keep the lions away. *See World Map*

EIGHT HOURS IN SPAIN

The Spanish Republic has ratified the Eight-Hours-Day Convention absolutely and without reserve.

The International Labour Office feels particularly cheered by Spain's action at the present moment, when so many countries seem to think that conventions may be forgotten in this period of depression.

Another cheering thing about this ratification is that it annuls the former ratification made by the Spanish Government before the revolution which was not to have effect until France, Germany, Great Britain, and Italy had also ratified the Convention.

THE BEST COUNTRY TO LIVE IN

An A1 England Coming BETTER AND BRIGHTER CHILDREN

The Chief Medical Officer of the school-children has good news for them—and for us.

Sir George Newman, in his Report to the Board of Education, says first what the schools are doing for the children besides teaching them the three R's and their accessories.

They are teaching first and foremost the big C, which stands for Cleanliness. They are indirectly improving the children's Food. They are giving them Exercise and Education in the open air. In a more general way they are teaching what can be taught of the laws of health.

Less Liable to Illness

The proof of the pudding is in the eating. The test of this teaching is in the health, appearance, and physique of the schoolchildren.

They are healthier, bigger, stronger, and they are cleaner in their persons and their clothes. But most striking of all that the Medical Officer has to tell us is the fact that they are less liable to illness.

That is what one would expect. Good food, good air, light, and exercise improve health anywhere at any age, but more especially at the children's age. This is most marked among the children of Australia, who, age for age, are taller and stronger than the British schoolchildren. But there is a more remarkable, and even mysterious, advance in health in England.

The Next Generation

The children are less susceptible to tuberculosis than the generations which have preceded them. This seems to Sir George Newman to be due to some less traceable causes than those of food and surroundings.

It seems almost as if tuberculosis were decreasing among the English people of its own accord. It may be that the disease is itself waxing less deadly. Possibly the nation is gaining an increasing immunity against it.

Whatever the cause, and whatever the future, tuberculosis is definitely on the down grade, and children's health is going up. The next generation should be healthier than this.

With all our troubles ours is still the best country for anyone to live in, and has begun at the right end by nourishing the schoolchildren more carefully now than at any time in history.

EDWARD STEP

Revealer of Nature's Wonderland

A lover of trees and flowers, of insects and the quaint creatures of the seashore, has passed on into the realms of boundless life.

He was Edward Step, whose books have been a delight to all Nature lovers for the last 50 years. He wrote the story of the Flowers in the original Children's Encyclopedia, and from his clear and concise descriptions many have learned to love and understand the life and beauty of the plants of our countryside.

For Edward Step was no dry-as-dust writer who never left his library. From boyhood he would wander out-of-doors, watching a flower bud and blossom, or ants at work. He wrote about what he saw, and his work was soon recognised as original and authoritative.

Tucked in a rambler's pocket, his little books have probably travelled far and wide.

REMARKABLE FEAT OF A DOG

HOW HE CAUGHT THE BURGLAR

Following a Trail For Five Miles After 24 Hours

THE POLICEMAN'S FRIEND

A dangerous burglar was lately arrested in Lyons after a series of audacious exploits around Lausanne.

The credit of this capture is entirely due to the unusual abilities of a police dog which goes by the name of Water.

The dog was taken by his owner to a villa which had been broken into. He went down into the cellar, then through every room on both storeys, and finally through all the outbuildings. This took him some time, because he obviously had to sort out a multitude of strange smells.

Then he set out for the village of Divonne, where he spent an interval in the railway station. From there he set off toward Geneva, but on the way visited a police station which seemed to interest him very much, but not permanently, for he resumed his course as far as another villa, where he jumped over a gate, which was locked.

A Log of Wood

At once a log of wood occupied his attention; it had been thought that this log had been used by the burglar to break in the door. He ran through the villa, and then set off again for Divonne, which he passed through and went along until he came to the château of the Count of Divonne, but he found nothing there to stop him. There were, however, abundant footmarks which were of interest to the police.

He then took his men to two more villas which had been burgled, and he finally entered, by a back door, a café in Divonne where he was intensely intrigued by a bedroom on the second floor, investigating minutely the sheets and bedding. From there he took his men to the station, where the trail was completely lost.

A Difficult Trail

The police were now, however, able to carry on. The owner of the café gave a clear description of the man who had been in the bedroom. At the station it was ascertained that such a man had taken a ticket for Lyons. The police in Lyons were able to find the man and he was arrested.

The difficulties of the dog were not only increased by the great number of other scents, but the particular trail he was following crossed and recrossed itself several times over. Also the scent was more than 24 hours old, whereas the ordinary limit is from seven to eight hours.

Water followed this trail for more than five miles, and it took him four hours to reach the station where the scent was lost.

SAFE IN THE SHELTER OF HER WINGS

It is a little late, but we feel constrained to call attention to a wonderful story of the devotion and heroism of a mother hen during a terrible fire in Bristol some weeks ago.

While great pieces of debris and burning embers fell all round her and sheets of yellow flames shot up into the sky the brave mother remained crouching over her brood of chicks, desperately trying to protect them.

Now and again there was a terrifying roar as walls crashed to the ground, but nothing would make her desert her post.

When, at last, the building was completely gutted and the fire died down, it was found that the mother hen was dead, but her fluffy chicks were alive and cheeping. She had given her life to save them, and had kept them safe in the shelter of her wings.

THE BRITISH NAVY'S BABY

A.B. FLOOD, AGED EIGHT

Happy Ending of a Tragic Chinese Story

TOSSED INTO FRIENDLY ARMS

Once there was a happy Chinese home in the Yangtze Valley.

It was probably not very grand, but it seemed very good to the son and heir of the house, aged eight.

There was always Mother to give you food when you were hungry, tuck you up in bed when you were tired, and bathe your bruises when you fell down. And there was Father, coming home each evening, who was so big and strong, and could put anything right if it went wrong.

It seemed as safe as houses, that home in the valley. But when a great river loses its temper, and comes pouring disaster over its banks, houses are not safe.

One terrifying morning the waters came sweeping down upon them. The little family just had time to turn something (perhaps a door or a bit of roof) into a raft. They were carried off on the flood. The two parents were washed away, drowned like thousands of others in that fearful happening.

Dressed Like a Sailor

But the whirling river spared the little boy, and after carrying him for some miles threw him up like a bit of driftwood on to a bank near Hankow.

There a forlorn, bewildered, hungry, sodden bundle was discovered by some British sailors. They could not leave a boy of eight to fend for himself, and though they could not understand his language they could guess his story.

So they took him on board their gunboat, washed him, fed him, and made him new clothes. Then they presented him to the quarter-deck, and got permission to keep him.

Now he is dressed like a real bluejacket and helps to peel potatoes and polish brass. He has lessons, and can count up to 20 in English. As no one can pronounce his real name he is called Able-Seaman Flood. Except when he remembers the raft he is the happiest boy in the district.

The cruel river made amends, as far as it could, when it tossed him into the arms of the British Navy.

A JUDGE LEARNS A WORD

From an Essex police court

Policeman: I followed him down a folley.

The Judge: What is a folley?

Policeman: A footpath with a hedge on either side.

The Judge: A new word to me.

THINGS SAID

Farmers still sell their animals by market methods of the 13th century.

Sir Norman Angell

I shall never forget Mr Baldwin's expression when he pulled the string and the Rima was unveiled. Mr Epstein

Dinna hit the wee laddie; he may be Prime Minister yet.

Ramsay MacDonald's grandmother

Nothing can save this country except ten years of drastic economy and hard work. Dean Inge

In the last few years nothing is more remarkable than Westminster's development as a business area. An architect

Civilisation has reached a point where it must abolish war or perish by it.

Professor Alfred Zimmer

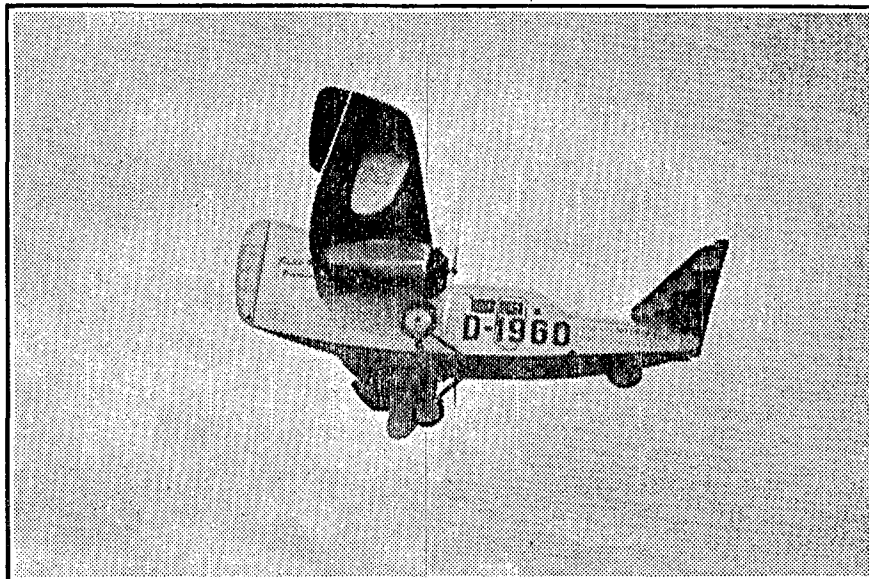
Our rules are the oldest and shortest in the world; they are generally known as the Ten Commandments.

Irish Free State Film Censor

THE NAVY'S OWN ZOO • CHIEF SCOUT'S DEGREE • GALES AND FLOODS



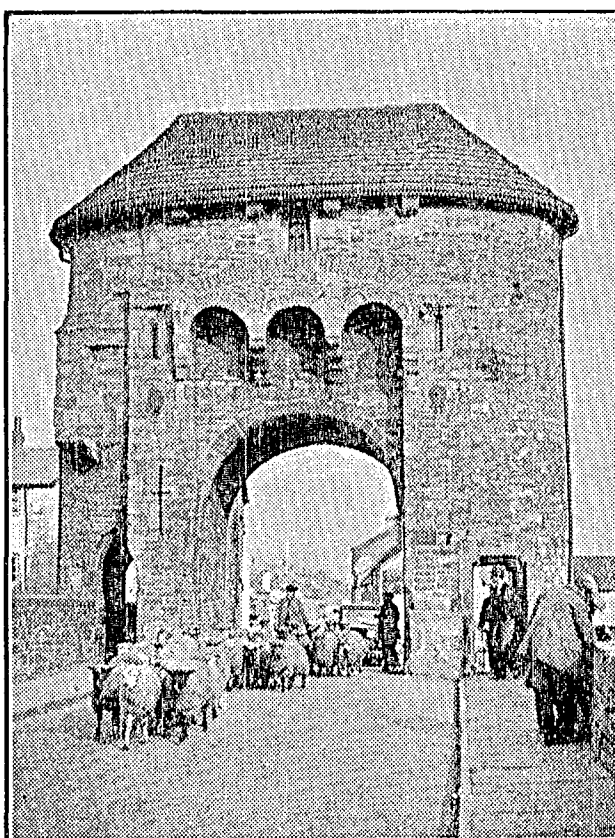
Oxford Getting Ready—Oxford is determined to make a strong effort to win the next Boat Race. This trial eight is stroked by Mr R. W. G. Holdsworth, the stroke of last year's crew.



Which Way?—A new German aeroplane, the Focke-Wulf Ente, seen at Hanworth lately, appears to travel backward, for what looks like its tail is actually a forward elevator.



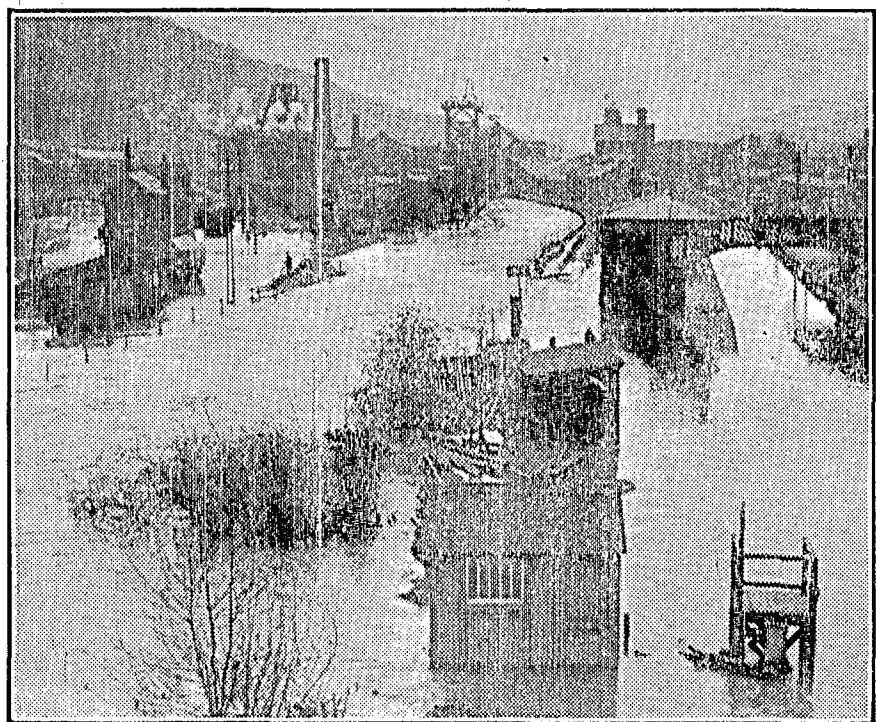
The Navy's Zoo—At Whale Island, Portsmouth, the Navy has its own zoo, which is largely composed of birds and animals brought home by sailors. This sailor is making friends with a blue macaw.



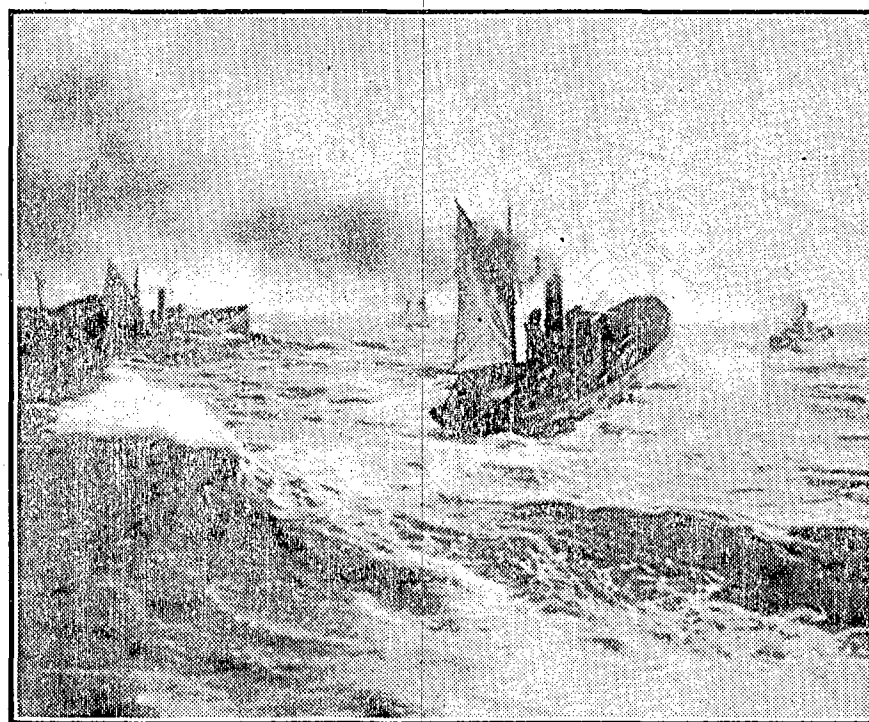
The Old Gateway—The ancient Monnow Bridge at Monmouth makes a picturesque setting for the shepherd driving his flock out to fresh hillside pastures.



Chief Scout at Cambridge—Lord Baden-Powell was recently honoured at Cambridge when the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him. Here he is seen with the Vice-Chancellor of the University.



South Wales Floods—In the centre of this scene is a canal which, owing to heavy rains, has overflowed its banks and flooded railway stations on each side. The photograph was taken at Mountain Ash in South Wales, where extensive floods have occurred.



A North Sea Gale—A few weeks ago herrings were so plentiful that they sold for as little as a shilling a thousand at Yarmouth, but such rough seas as that shown in our picture caused a scarcity of fish and prices have risen considerably.

BRIGHTER LONDON

AN IDEA FROM THE JESTER'S CHURCH

Beautiful Evenings in the Great
Nave of Saint Bartholomew

WHY NOT CARRY ON?

For 800 years a king's jester has been teaching London how to live.

For 800 years Rahere's great church of St Bartholomew has stood by Smithfield Market (where once its walls were charred with the fires of the martyrs) proclaiming day by day the good news that came from Galilee.

And now there has come to London from this church an idea that the C.N. would greatly like to see adopted far and wide.

All who really love London are grateful to Canon Savage for the wonderful restoration of St Bartholomew's, especially for the rescue of the cloister from the stables, and the digging out of the Norman walls.

Wonderful Restoration Work

There is still a doctor in St Bartholomew's Hospital who remembers horses being shod in the transept of the church; we have ourselves seen the ancient cloister when it was a stable; and time was when one part of this noble place was a factory, a public-house, and a dancing saloon. Benjamin Franklin worked as a printer in the Lady Chapel.

It is to help this work of restoration that there has been given in St Bartholomew's Church in the last few weeks a historical pageant play. It is the story of Rahere, jester and master of revels to Henry the First, who, after a pilgrimage to Rome, founded the famous church and hospital that still stand side by side. He lies in the sanctuary of the church, and there is no more impressive glimpse of London than we have in standing by his tomb.

A Mighty Chance

The play, written by Jean Scott-Rogers and produced by Ida Teather, is one of the most charming things we have seen in London. It is music and history and poetry and faith and education all in one, and what could be more thrilling than to see John Wyse playing Rahere so marvellously well on the very spot where Rahere lies? Rahere himself would have been greatly moved by this performance.

But the lesson the C.N. learns from it all is that those who have charge of noble places like St Bartholomew's have a mighty chance if they will grasp it. It is one of the saddest things we know that those who want to enjoy themselves in London by night have little choice except the kinema and the theatre; and the kinema is often stupid and the theatre often dull or gross. Why should not St Bartholomew's be open every night with some great play like this, run by one of those groups of clever people who are equal to sustaining religious drama on a high note of efficiency and in a spirit of deep sincerity?

What the Churches Might Do

Those who deplore the weakening hold of the churches on the people might well ask themselves if such an evening as we spent at St Bartholomew's was not a noble experience which our churches might give frequently to those who would welcome it. There is no reason why, with pleasure growing from more to more, there should not more of reverence in us dwell. We should like to see our noble churches rivalling our theatres in attractiveness, filled with colour and joy and music and high thought and pure delight.

It is this thought that came to us at St Bartholomew's, and we thank Rahere and Canon Savage for it.

DAILY BREAD AND BRITISH WHEAT

THE FARMER, THE MILLER, AND THE BAKER

Can We Help the Farmer and
Keep the Loaf at Sixpence?

WHAT SHOULD BREAD COST?

In the war we had, in Sir Charles Fielding, a devoted Director-General of Food Production.

By great efforts we increased the production of British wheat at that time to relieve the burden on shipping by reducing foreign oversea wheat imports.

Now Sir Charles is urging the importance of the further production of British wheat, which has sunk to very low levels. The low prices of 1931, which at one time dropped to about 20s a quarter of 504 pounds, one pound of wheat for about a halfpenny, meant ruin to the wheat farmer, for wheat cannot be produced here under 40s a quarter. It is urged that we can afford to pay much more for our wheat without increasing the price of bread, so important to the working population of our towns, who form over 80 per cent of the population.

Dearer Wheat and Cheap Bread

Sir Charles Fielding argues that we could encourage the growth of British wheat by paying the farmer a fixed price of 55s a quarter and yet pay no more than 6d for a 4-pound loaf. This seems strange, for with wheat at only about 30s a quarter we are asked to pay 6½d for a 4-pound loaf. Let us see how he works this out.

He takes wheat at 55s a quarter of 504 pounds and a sack of flour as 280 pounds, standard flour representing 80 per cent of the weight of the wheat; the remainder, of course, being offals or residue. On this basis he sets out the following little sum:

	s	d
Wheat: 350 pounds needed to mill		
280 pounds of flour	38	0
Cost of milling repaid by value of offals	—	
Cost of baking and profit on bread as sold	9	11
	47	11
Yield, 100 loaves of 4-pound each at 6d	50	0
Balance	2	1

If these figures are true a 6d loaf over the counter ought to be possible.

If the argument is wrong, even to the extent of a penny a loaf, it would seem that we ought to be able to do something quite satisfactory for the farmer. It is earnestly to be hoped these statements will be investigated.

80 YEARS IN ONE FAMILY

This year there died in a Suffolk village a dear old man who had held one post for 80 years.

That tells us the sort of man he was: the kind you can trust. It means not only that he was honest, but that he could be counted on to do the sensible thing on every occasion; and could manage men as well as animals, and was kindly and lovable.

His first master's grandson has been writing about him, without revealing his name. Grandfather gave the young man a chance in 1851, and when grandfather died he went on managing outdoor affairs, driving the carriage, and helping a bit in the house. Even when he was quite old he went on working, though we suspect his work then chiefly consisted of ruling the roost. He was a weekly wage-earner to the end, and at his death had served the family 80 years.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Geelong	Jee-long
Rousseau	Roo-soo
Ujiji	Oo-jee-je

HINDENBURG TO DOROTHY

How She Helped to
Save Germany

A PRECIOUS DOLLAR FOR A STRICKEN NATION

President Hindenburg sent his signed photograph the other day to a little American girl.

Her name is Dorothy, and she must be a specially nice girl; that is all we know about her. But perhaps it is enough. We imagine her about six, perhaps a little over, certainly not more than seven, but old enough to be admitted to the society of her elders now and then and to hear a good deal of talk that is above her head.

But, though above her head, some of this talk has, strangely enough, found its way to her heart. All those sad things, for instance, about Germany. So often did Dorothy hear about the terrible times there, and how near the whole German people were to starvation if something were not done about it quickly, that she began to feel very troubled and to wonder more and more whether she could not do something.

A Lot of Money Needed

One day she asked her daddy how many people there were in Germany. Daddy did not know for certain, but he believed there were about 65 millions.

That, Dorothy realised, must be a fearful number, and a lot of money would be required to keep them all fed. She said nothing, but began to save up her pocket-money. Little by little she put it by, denying herself all the delightful things she had been wont to buy with it, till she had a whole dollar. That, she thought, must surely be enough; so she put it in an envelope addressed to President Hindenburg, with a line inside begging him to distribute the money among the German people. She put the letter into a letter-box and then, relieved of the burden that had so long weighed on her mind, straightway forgot it.

She was as surprised as her elders when, a month or so after, a letter arrived for her with President Hindenburg's photograph and on it words of the most friendly appreciation.

Thus did little Dorothy, aged six (or is it seven?) help to save the German nation.

TWO NATIONS AND WIRELESS

Act of Friendliness Between Germany and Poland

Germany and Poland, with many matters between them which make friendly relations almost impossible, have yet concluded an extraordinarily fine agreement about broadcasting. We congratulate them heartily.

The National Broadcasting Companies in each country have agreed to a treaty by which they undertake in future to do everything in their power to ensure that all news broadcast from their stations shall not compromise in any way the spirit of cooperation and good understanding that is necessary if broadcasting is to fulfil its mission of drawing the nations together.

Nothing is to be broadcast about national activities in one country which will in any way offend the national sentiments of listeners in the other, and these regulations are to apply also to all news relayed by outside stations. The last clause of the treaty states that all matter broadcast by the Governments of each country is at their own responsibility. We hope sincerely they will not be behind the National Broadcasting Companies in ways of friendliness.

THE WORLD GROWS BIGGER

WATCHING THE BIRTH
OF A STATE

Old Mesopotamia to Flourish
as the New Iraq

GIVING UP THE MANDATE

The Mandates Commission of the League of Nations has an unusually interesting matter in hand, assisting at the birth of a new State. The world will be bigger by one.

Iraq, as we must now call Mesopotamia unfortunately, is to take its place among the other independent nations, and the League must make sure that no shadow of its former mandated condition clings to it in any way. It must be free to decide its own destiny except in so far as it will be bound by its membership of the League of Nations.

Essentials For a New State

The League has been responsible for this territory for twelve years and therefore must be assured, before it sets it free to go its own way, that it has the means of using its freedom reasonably.

It must have a settled Government able to operate the general services of a civilised country, such as finance, education, health, and sufficient funds for the purpose. It must be able to keep itself independent of outside interference either in its territory or its national policy; it must have laws and a judicial organisation which will afford equal and regular justice to all.

These are the bare essentials for a new State, but there are also other matters too. Freedom of conscience and of public worship must be guaranteed and the protection of peoples which may have a different language and religion from that of the State. The interests of foreigners must also be safeguarded as well as an open door for trade.

A Problem of the Far East

Iraq belongs to the mandated countries which were expected soon to be able to stand alone "under the strenuous conditions of the modern world."

The Mandates Commission is also casting its eye over some of the South Sea Islands which are administered by Japan. There is a question here of a continued decrease in the population, due chiefly to the prevalence of tuberculosis, and the Commission recommends that close attention be paid to this problem. It also suggests that some of the profits of the phosphates mines should be employed for the purpose of sickness and accident benefits.

It is in these ways of suggestion and recommendation that the Commission gives its very real aid to the natives of the mandated territories and ensures that their welfare is kept always in mind.

MISS SHAFTESBURY

A solicitor friend has been telling a reader of a little girl of six who lately had to appear in court.

She had been knocked down by a car, and after a slow recovery, when her parents were claiming damages, Ivy had to stand up in court and state her case.

"Do you wish me to call you Ivy or Miss Shaftesbury?" asked the judge.

"Miss Shaftesbury," Ivy answered.

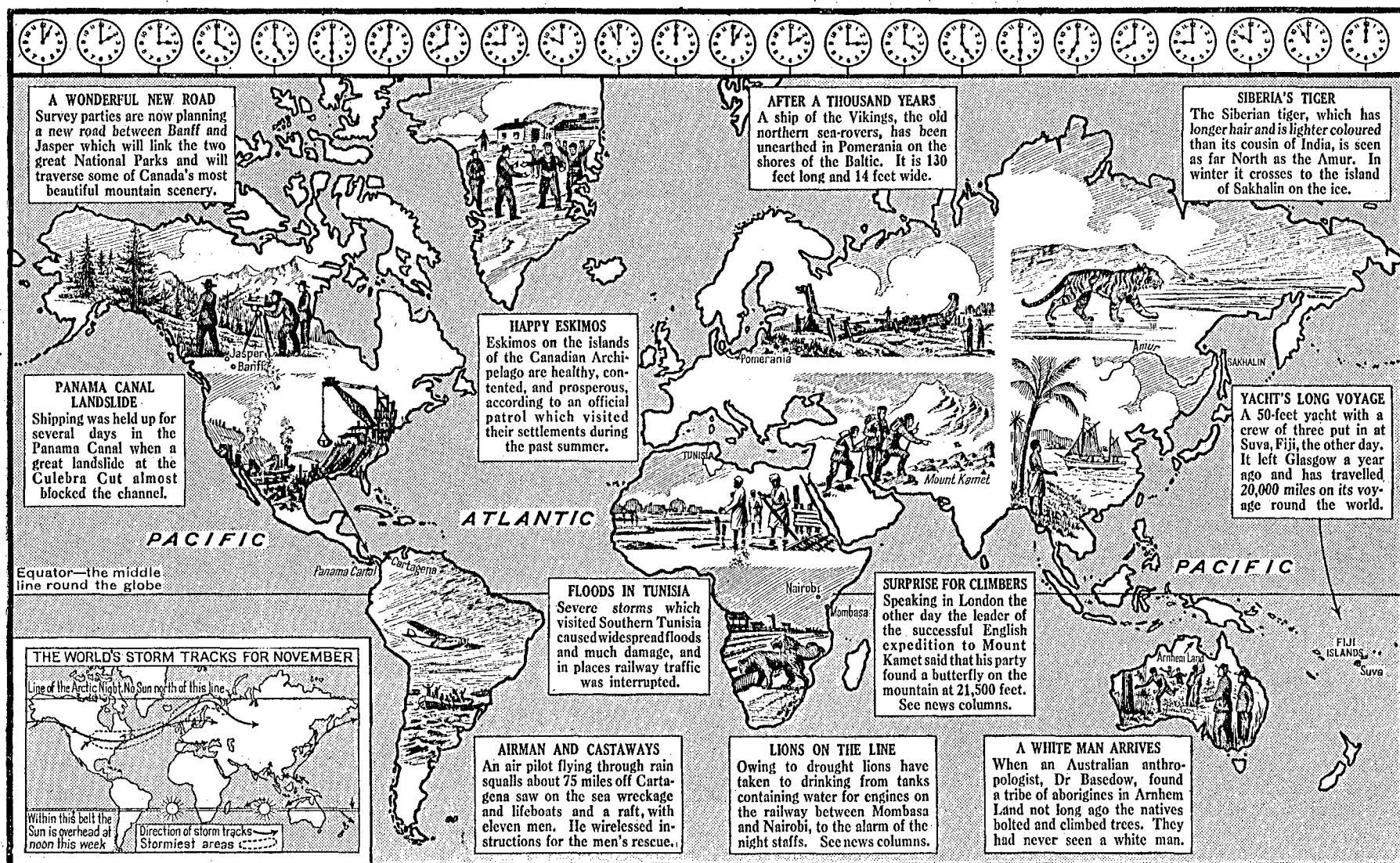
This started the court laughing, but Ivy, unperturbed by the laughter, gave her evidence in a brave, clear voice, refusing to be cornered.

When it was all over Ivy's babyhood apparently asserted itself, for she was led from the court in tears.

But Ivy won her case. We are sure her cause was a just one, but we know, too, what an asset is personality.

Also, by a strange coincidence, the father of Christopher Robin, Mr A. A. Milne, happened to be on the jury.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A BUTTERFLY ON THE WING 21,500 Feet High

Some adventurers were talking in Fleet Street, which is the Street of Adventure, and one of them was a climber.

When this climber, Mr F. S. Smythe, was leading the party which made the first ascent of Mount Kamet in the Himalayas he saw a butterfly at a height of 21,500 feet.

This must be almost the record height explored by any animal, except man, for the love of adventure. The butterfly could scarcely have found anything to sip there.

On one of the later Everest expeditions a spider was found at even a greater height, but was evidently there on its life-work of catching flies. A limestone fossil was found higher still, but had undoubtedly been uplifted from the depths millions of years ago by forces over which it had no control.

But the butterfly was just on pleasure bent, and it must be confessed that the movements of these little living things are often beyond our comprehension.

They are found moving in hundreds of millions over the African deserts, sometimes against the wind, and, when with it, speeding faster than an aeroplane, all for no known purpose and to no discoverable destination. See World Map

WHAT AN AIRMAN SAW Eleven Shipwrecked Mariners

After drifting for six days in a life-boat on the shark-infested Caribbean Sea eleven exhausted men were picked up by an American minesweeper.

They were members of the crew of the schooner Baden-Baden, which was formerly the famous Flettner rotor-ship.

The rescued men owe their lives to an airman who, flying low through rain, saw them floating amid wreckage and sent out a wireless call for help, as mentioned on the C.N. World Map this week.

SPAIN'S NEW SCHOOLS 7000 To Be Opened

A great effort is being made by the new Government of Spain to bring an elementary education within the reach of all.

Nearly 40 per cent of the people are illiterate, but every possible step is to be taken to reduce the percentage of illiterates among the children.

Don Marcelono Domingo, a former teacher, has now been Minister of Education for six months, and has almost completed his plans for opening 7000 new schools.

Wireless and libraries are to be placed in rural schools, and the religious emblems and crude pictures in the old schools are to be replaced by reproductions by modern artists of famous works of art.

A SECRET PASSAGE

The other day when workmen were digging in Monk Street, Abergavenny, before laying an electric cable they came unexpectedly on an underground passage.

Romantic novels are full of such passages, but they are not so often encountered in real life. Sometimes tunnels which were thought to have been underground passages have proved to be only big drains; but of course such passages did really exist, and proved very useful—when there were friends at each end.

Old maps show that this one probably linked Abergavenny Castle to St Mary's Priory. Monk Street was not named after the 17th-century soldier, but after the monks who had their gardens here and, perhaps, used the secret passage to the castle.

THE WONDER OF IT

The matron of a hospital in South Africa nearly broke down on saying Good-night to all her patients at once through a wireless set and 1200 headphones given by Toc H.

THE OLDWAY MAN A Young Scientist in East Africa

More and more light is being thrown upon the origins of mankind as the field of inquiry into the subject extends.

The newest area of investigation is British East Africa, and now comes the news that Mr L. S. B. Leakey has returned from the Oldaway beds, in the heart of Tanganyika, to replenish his stores at Nairobi, and to report the discovery of the Oldaway Man.

There have been discoveries of the highest importance in Kenya within the last few years, most of them due to the work of Mr Leakey, who is only 28. But his latest discoveries in the former German East Africa puts all the Kenya finds in the shade. They will be made public in due course.

Mr Leakey was born in East Africa, at Kabete, and is one of the greatest experts on the languages of the country.

A KANGAROO REFORMS

In what was once German New Guinea there is a missionary who had two tree kangaroos as pets.

He was very fond of them till they had a little one and the father kangaroo killed it. Whether it was done in stupidity or spite the missionary knew not, but after that he no longer cared much for Mr Kangaroo; and so, when Mr F. Shaw Meyer came along making a collection, he agreed to part with his pets. That is why there is a new couple at the Zoo.

But that is not all. Once more, as our Zoo correspondent reminded us last week, the mother has a baby in her pouch, and this time the father has behaved as fathers should. We hope someone will write and tell the good missionary that his pet has turned over a new leaf.

The newcomers are called Matschie's Tree Kangaroos, and are a golden colour.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK An Unknown Wireless Man UP THE GREAT MAST IN THE GALE

Something of what we owe the wireless men is brought home by the story of the rigger at the Moorside Edge Wireless Transmitting Station.

Transmission stopped. Thousands of people listening at their sets complained that the tiresome wireless had gone wrong again. Then after a longish interval the sounds came through once more. Thousands of listeners, if they had not gone to bed, hoped grumblingly that this kind of thing would not happen again.

It may not. Most likely it will not, but here is the inner story of what happened that night, one of a fierce gale and heavy rain.

In the height of the gale part of the connection lead, which consists of five wires strung together and comes down from the high aerial mast, broke loose. The strands of wire were blown about in the wind, connection was severed, transmission stopped.

A rigger was sent to climb the iron ladder inside the mast to recover the loose strands.

His task was begun in pitch darkness and in a raging wind which threatened to lash him with the flying strands of wire. But he went up the necessary 80 feet and, holding on by one hand, secured with the other the upper undamaged part of the down lead. He held it steady so that it could be lowered to earth, where the waiting engineers, themselves almost blown off their feet in the wind, joined in a struggle to hold and keep it.

The loose strands were repaired, transmission was resumed. The listeners who had not given up hope tuned in again successfully, without so much as a Thank you to the man who had done them this good turn at considerable risk. They did not know, of course, for the rule of the B.B.C. is anonymity.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 28 1931

The Poor Rich Poet

SOMETHING has just happened that perhaps has not happened before.

It is a bequest of a poet who lived largely by poetry and science, and so was very poor. His only riches were those that Nature showers upon us all. He loved stars and flowers and birds. His delight was in simple things. A green field was a paradise for him. The wind in the trees, the lark in the heavens, the ripple of the brook, were a heavenly choir for him. His fellow-men were his companions, however rich or poor they were.

All this he would put into his poetry, and his poems will be read when many years have passed. They have not sold in large numbers, and the world knows little of them. Even though he wrote perhaps the greatest poem about war that has yet been written, few have read it in these days when war is threatening to engulf us all. He made almost nothing out of the poems which will keep his name alive when most of the poets belauded in our time are on the rubbish heap of literature.

He wrote some lovely lines in which he said

We boast the new world we have found
Yet in that world the roses fade;

and true it was, alas! that our poet's roses faded. Yet he was not unhappy. Perhaps he was happy like that man sought for and found by the courtiers of a king who would sleep in the shirt of a happy man. They searched his realm and found one man happy at last but *with no shirt to his back*. We think our poet was happy like that, and the thought of what we are going to say about him here takes us back to another man, not this time from poetry but from history, who had not a shirt to his back. He was Dr Ridley, who stood with Mr Latimer waiting for the fire to consume him and suffered them to take off even all he had, "for (said Mr Latimer) it will put you to more pain and it will do a poor man good." Then said Dr Ridley, *Be it in the name of the Lord*, and so unlaced himself.

So we come to the news of our poor poet. He left to his friends the memory of a Mr Greatheart. He left to the world the example of a life without a thought of self. He left to all who will have them his Collected Poems. As for money, he had none to leave, for almost all that he had of his own were his old clothes, and *these he left to the miserable men sleeping on the Thames Embankment*.

They have just been given out to them, and they will not know the name of their friend. But we know it, and we will send it round the wide, wide world. It is

Ronald Campbell Macfie



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



To All Mankind

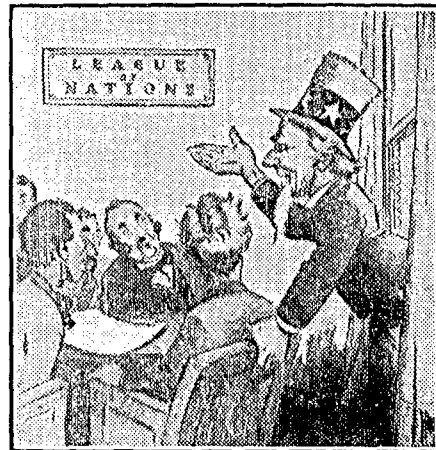
ONE of the shortest wills ever made has been published. In 19 words it disposes of £30,000, and something better. It runs:

I bequeath to my wife, Frances Maud, all my property of every description, and my love to all mankind.

We fancy that even a lawyer could not pick holes in such a testament.

The lover of all mankind was Mr Arthur Masson Kilby, a schoolmaster.

Neither In Nor Out



America's position outside the League is more and more difficult to maintain. On the question of the Japanese in Manchuria she is here shown in an American cartoon as half through the window, neither in nor out.

What Life is Like Today

IT is well to make some record of these curious times through which we are passing. One day in Guildford lately a lady was told three facts: that an educated girl of 19 with a High School Certificate and a knowledge of book-keeping was glad to get a job as typist; that an educated woman used to travel and much responsibility was driven to do embroidery at sixpence an hour; that there was not a single cook-general on the books of a great registry office. Something is very wrong!

The Man Who Was Free

SOMEBODY has reminded us of the way in which a witty man once saved the situation.

It was in the French Revolution, when people were supposed to wear a badge as a sign of their new Liberty. One man had no badge, and a revolutionist demanded why he did not wear it.

"Man, it is to prove that I am free," answered the passer-by.

Getting the World Straight

SOMEHOW we like the Yorkshireman's way of getting the world straight.

There is in one Yorkshire village we know a shortage of gold, but no shortage of good fellows. One of our friends came upon two of them joking together, and it seemed that one of them was giving the other a day's work in the garden in return for mending his boots!

The Housemaid Does Her Bit

WE hear too much, alas! about bad servants, but not enough about good ones.

It happens to have come to our knowledge that a housemaid in a northern town proposed to her mistress the other day that in these hard times she would be willing to take half-a-crown a week less. The mistress, who can just afford to pull through, was duly grateful, but satisfied herself by pointing out to Rhoda certain ways in which she could save half-a-crown a week, and we hope that Rhoda is doing it. In that case both sides will be satisfied, and both a little better off.

Tip-Cat

HUNDREDS of women are changing their hair to blonde—although they want to keep it dark.

You can always tell an American, someone says. But not till he has finished telling you.

THE Round Table Conference is being rounded off.

HOSPITALITY often means putting oneself out. Refusing it means that your friends are put out.

IN Hollywood people rarely walk. They are carried away by enthusiasm.

A CONJURER does tricks with lumps of coal. All you can do with some of the coal nowadays.

A HOCKEY-PLAYER says he trains on tinned beef. What is the matter with a hockey field?

AMERICANS are buying old Irish harps. To give them an American twang?

A TRAVELLER remarks that American women are always laughing. We wonder what he looks like.

BARBERS, says a middle-aged correspondent, talk too much. And make bald statements.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

PADDINGTON Boy Scouts are opening their new headquarters to all Paddington street boys.

SOMEBODY unknown at Bath has sent the National Government £100.

A WORKING pensioner has returned his pension for last quarter to the Admiralty.

JUST AN IDEA

Some kill animals for food; some kill them for pleasure. Should we not be sorry to kill them for any reason at all?

Rags and Tatters and Roses

By Our Town Girl

OLD Rags and Tatters down the street
Each morning takes his place,
Holding red roses glowing sweet
Close to his grimy face.

STRANGE how this emblem of his trade
Daily his rough hands wield;
More for a child seem flowers made,
Deep in a daisy field.

FLOWERS for lovers; flowers for gifts,
Growing for joy, for spring;
Somehow so holden from these he drifts,
Such a lost, shabby thing.

YET is it part of Nature's plan
That there should be no dearth
Of her sweet self for brother man,
For man's is Mother Earth.

MAN's are the curving hills that call
His heart from age to age;
His the star's light, the rains that fall;
Grass is his heritage.

OLD ragged man, your roses sell!
And, since you chose that part,
Beneath your tatters, who can tell
What beauty storms your heart?

The Blackfellow's Way

AN old C.N. celebrity, David Unaipon, the well-known Australian aborigine, has been explaining one of the mysteries of communication between tribes.

The question is often asked how it is that the Blackfellows of Australia or the natives of some regions of Africa can send messages so quickly to one another as almost to rival the white man's telegraphy.

David Unaipon has a curious explanation to offer. When an aborigine wants to appeal for help to another member of his tribe, he says, he first attracts attention by sending up a smoke signal. The man who sees the signal then strives to empty his mind of every thought except for a message, and the man who made the smoke signal cooperates by concentrating all his thought on sending the message. This joint effort between the sender of the message and the receiver acts as a kind of wireless.

We scarcely know what to think of David Unaipon's idea, but it seems a good motto for a General Election to *empty your mind of every thought except the thought of the country*, and we are thankful just now for our Blackfellow friend's philosophy.

Tonight

The sable mantle of the silent night
Shut from the world the ever-joyous light.
Care fled away, and softest slumbers please
To leave the Court for lowly cottages.
William Browne

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If our fallen gold standard has a silver lining

November 28, 1937

The Children's Newspaper

7

A LOOK ROUND UJJI WHERE STANLEY MET LIVINGSTONE

**Missionary Society Still Waiting
to Begin in This Historic Place**

TRADE REPLACES SLAVERY

From a Travelling Correspondent

It is sixty years since Stanley found Livingstone at Ujiji.

A few weeks ago the writer was in Central Africa and made a pilgrimage to Ujiji. It is easily reached, for it is only five miles from Kigoma, where the railway from the coast comes to a stop on the shores of Lake Tanganyika.

In Livingstone's time it would have taken between two and three months of hard and dangerous travel to reach Ujiji from the coast; we did it in two days in the comfortable coaches of the Tanganyika Railway. In place of the Arab slave-dhows plying their trade on the waters of the lake there are now regular services of steamers.

Half-Moslem, Half-Pagan

Ujiji is one of the largest native towns south of the Equator, and though it is in the heart of Africa it reveals many indications of Arab influence. Many men and women wear clothes that are Arab in style. There are many Moslem mosques; we saw several pagan spirit-huts, but not a single Christian Church. Ujiji is half-Moslem, half-pagan; in that respect it has made very little progress since Livingstone's day. In the streets we met fierce-looking Arabs, probably descendants of the old slave-traders.

At the end of a long street we turned a corner and there before us was a tall obelisk, erected by the Tanganyika Government, bearing on the pediment a tablet with the words:

**Under the Mango Tree Which Stood Here
Henry M. Stanley Met David Livingstone
10 November 1871**

The tree decayed a few years ago, but the Government officials wisely took saplings from it, four of which are now growing tall and strong, protected by palisades of sticks, a few yards from the monument. A concrete block marks the spot where Livingstone is said to have stood when Stanley greeted him with the famous words: "Dr Livingstone, I presume."

As we stood there with bared head the people gathered round and showed us where the explorer-missionary had his house, where he used to sit, and where he used to walk up and down a strip of beach waiting for the help that was so long in coming.

In spite of most careful inquiry we could only hear of two men now living who were present, of course as boys, at the famous meeting of Livingstone and Stanley. One of them is now the headman of a village near Kigoma, and the other is living not far from Mpulungu at the south end of the lake.

Slavery Driven Out

The town itself has grown a good deal since Livingstone's day. The streets are arranged grid-iron fashion, crossing one another at right angles; great shady mango trees and coconut palms have been planted. It is still a fever-ridden place, even though the Government has insisted on better sanitation and greater cleanliness; a small factory has been opened where they make mottled-blue soap; on the outskirts of the town we saw a football match.

Livingstone would be overjoyed if he could see how completely slavery has been driven out and the way opened to useful commerce; he would be rejoiced to see how the untamed barbarous people have become peaceable and progressive; but he would be sad at heart to find that the missionary society to which he belonged had still not been able to begin work in this historic place.

B.B.C. TO FOLLOW THE FLAG

THE lonely man or woman in the most distant outpost of the British Empire will soon be in daily touch with his or her Motherland.

One of the most interesting subjects discussed at the Imperial Conference at London last year was the proposal to establish a broadcasting station in this country for sending news and programmes each day to the Dominions and Colonies. Difficulties in sharing the cost and coordinating the existing services have up till now delayed progress, in spite of unceasing efforts by the B.B.C. to secure agreement.

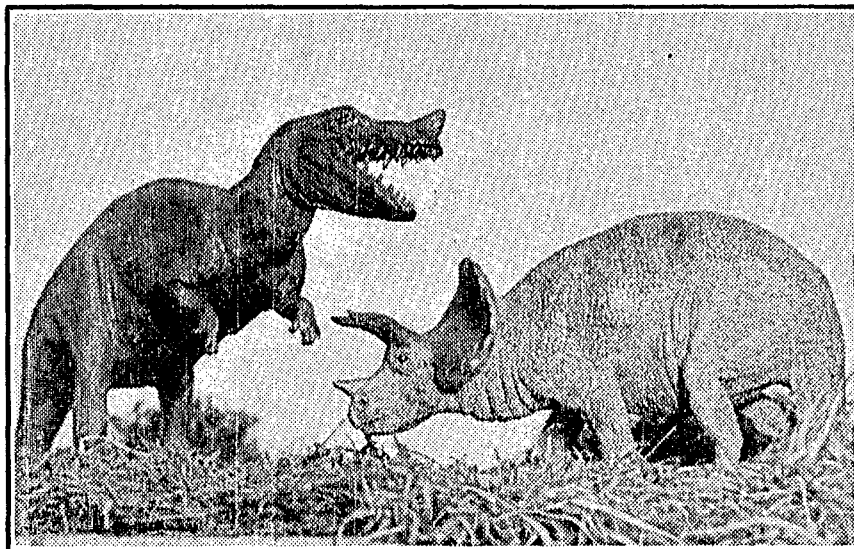
The B.B.C. have therefore decided to proceed with their own plans at once. They will erect at Daventry a short-

wave broadcasting station from which a regular service of daily programmes will be sent to the different Dominions and Crown Colonies at the times most convenient to them.

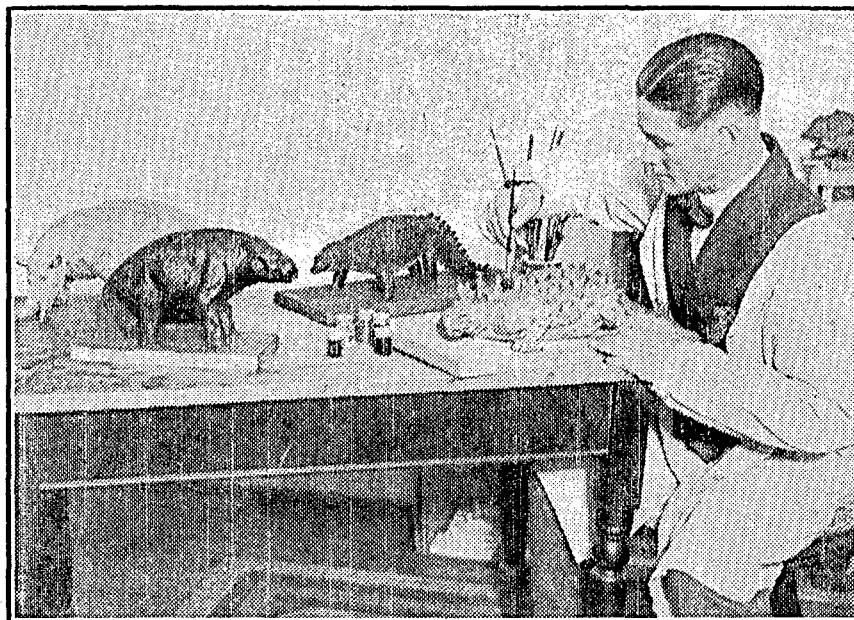
News will form a most attractive feature of the new scheme, for it is knowledge of the big events that are happening in the world that is looked for most eagerly by the remote settler at the back of beyond.

The B.B.C. hopes, of course, that the daughter nations will eventually share the great cost of the scheme, but like a true mother this country, seeing the need of her children in the far-flung outposts of civilisation, sets about supplying their need.

MONSTERS IN MINIATURE



Two of the Dinosaurs



At work on the models

Models of the giant reptiles that lived when the world was very young have been made for the British Museum by Mr Vernon Edwards, who is seen at work in one of these pictures. The appearance of these prehistoric monsters has been found by close study of fossil remains.

SIX HOURS IN A CORN BIN

TWO Wiltshire boys, Leslie Kitchen and George Kent, were more fortunate the other day than Ginevra, the bride of the old Mistletoe Bough story who hid herself in a chest and was forgotten.

These small boys of eight and nine were playing when they came across a corn bin. The two compartments looked like the rooms of a little house. There was just room for Leslie in one and George in the other. They climbed in.

In a moment one had got into each compartment, and then, for a joke, they pulled the lid down. It made it more exciting, for it was now dark and stuffy inside, and it would be more difficult to scramble out.

But when they tried to lift the lid nothing happened. It had become surprisingly heavy, and would not budge. All their pushing could not make

it move. In pulling it down the hasp had fallen over the staple, and they were trapped.

In vain they knocked and shouted; nobody came, and they fell asleep.

Some hours later they awoke, half-suffocated and desperately in need of air. One of them thought of his pocket-knife, and forced the blade between the lid and the top of the bin, thus making a very small aperture to admit air. They were both exhausted, but managed to call again for help.

By this time their parents had become anxious, and a search was made where they had last been seen.

Providentially, somebody thought of looking in the corn bin, and there were the crouching figures, half-dead with fright and lack of air. They quickly revived, and that is the end of the story.

THE CHIEF PROBLEM BEFORE PARLIAMENT

GETTING THE £ RIGHT

**Great Necessity For a World
Conference on Currency**

AMERICA, FRANCE, AND TRADE

The Currency Problem, the stabilising of the £, and the facilitating of exchange between nations form the chief business of the National Parliament.

All thinking people and all political parties are coming to agree on one all-important thing, that the world must have a reformed system of exchange.

We have been forced to abandon the Gold Standard because two nations, America and France, have hoarded the greater part of the gold of the world, so that trade exchanges on a gold basis have become difficult or impossible. America and France now possess nearly £1,500,000,000 worth of gold, out of a total world supply of about £2,300,000,000.

Common Standard Needed

If international exchanges are to be made freely there must be a recognised common standard; the present position, with some nations on the Gold Standard and others not, is very unfortunate.

Many suggestions are arising to solve the problem. It is pointed out that if all the nations except America and France are driven off the Gold Standard America and France will suffer even more bitterly than now, because they will be unable to sell their products to the world.

Some reformers think we could do without gold altogether as a standard of exchange, and base ourselves on a theoretic standard formed by properly relating paper money to the output of commodities, always maintaining a scientific proportion between money and commodities so that prices remain steady.

British Gold

Others, again, point out that the British Commonwealth produces about two-thirds of the gold of all the world, and that it is in a position, therefore, in concert with other nations, to settle a new working gold standard quite independently of America and France, so compelling these two nations to come into line. We state these things without discussing them, merely to show how wide the debate is becoming.

What is called for in the first place is undoubtedly a world conference. We want to see America and France at the world's Council Table, faced with all the nations whose trade has been depressed by their ungenerous policy. We cannot help thinking that if such a conference were held it would be impossible for these nations not to join with the world at large in either re-establishing the Gold Standard on a working basis or arriving at a general agreement for the formation of a standard that is based on wealth production.

BREAKING DOWN THE BARRIERS

Another step forward has been made toward breaking down the barriers that divide the nations.

Eight countries are combining in a scheme for making an international highway across Europe for motorists.

The road is to run direct from London to Constantinople, a distance of nearly 2000 miles, and in each country the authorities are being urged to make it a uniform width, so that when finished it will be thirty feet wide from end to end.

It is probable that a 24-hours Customs Service will be arranged in each of the eight countries and new Customs offices established by the roadside at the frontiers if the scheme is carried out.

HEROES OF A GREAT CONQUEST

THE MOSQUITO'S GOLD MEDALLISTS

Men Who Fought Yellow Fever Remembered a Generation After

"GENTLEMEN, I SALUTE YOU"

Dr Walter Reed and his American volunteers have just been remembered by the American Treasury, which has presented the survivors with gold medals.

Thirty-one years have passed since their exploit. It was no martial adventure, but just an affair of outposts with a dreaded disease. The disease was that of yellow fever.

Yellow fever has not yet vanished from the world, but when Dr Reed and his volunteers set out to extinguish it some 100,000 people had died of it in three years in Cuba.

Dr Reed established a camp in Cuba to find out all that could be known of this enemy of the human race. It was believed, and first asserted by Dr Carlos Findlay of Havana, that the germ of yellow fever was carried by the *Stegomyia* mosquito, as the germ of malaria is carried by the *Anopheles*.

The Call For Volunteers

It was necessary not merely to surmise this but to prove it by experiment, and the only way to do so was to infect human beings who would allow themselves to be bitten by *Stegomyia*, which already had bitten yellow fever victims.

If these human subjects then developed yellow fever the proof would be established that *Stegomyia* mosquitoes transferred the germ from one person to another.

But no investigator, however eager or sure, would care to subject his co-workers to such a dangerous experiment without telling them of its risks. Dr Reed called on his camp of young men for volunteers.

Two at once offered. They were to be bitten by suspected mosquitoes. Dr Reed explained the danger, and the suffering they would undergo when yellow fever developed in them even if it were cured. They were offered compensation. They refused it.

They agreed on the sole condition that they should have no money reward. They were mere privates in the United States Army, but they did not want pay for doing their duty. We are sure they did not call it heroism. But Dr Reed raised his hand to his cap, saying "Gentlemen, I salute you."

The Criminal Found

The experiment proved the point. *Stegomyia* was the criminal, and we are glad that the two volunteers recovered. But both they and the other men and students in the camp were subjected each day and every day to infection.

The reality of this danger has been shown since on the West Coast of Africa, where yellow fever still lingers and where a great Japanese investigator and an English one both succumbed to it while making experiments two years ago.

But Walter Reed and his associates struck the first resounding blow against the disease, which has now been all but eradicated in Cuba wherever the *Stegomyia* mosquito can be kept under control.

Not all the 22 of Reed's brave company have survived to receive their medals. Dr Reed himself died shortly afterwards, though not of the fever he had helped to conquer. One other did. All are worthy of the gold medals given 31 years after, and of the greater honour of full remembrance by the world.

DOES YOUR KINEMA USE THE SAFETY FILM?

TANTAWANGALO

An Australian Mystery

IS THERE A TIGER ABOUT?

In New South Wales, where the largest wild animal is the Australian kangaroo, the Tantawangalo tiger has been heard of again.

It is called by that name because it is of no known breed. Nobody has ever had a clear sight of it, though every now and then during the last few years somebody has asserted that he has seen it slipping through the shadows of the trees in the Tantawangalo Mountains.

When the latest report of that kind came in a few weeks ago a search was made to confirm it. The tiger was invisible as usual, but there were marks of his pads which could have been made, it seemed, by no other animal.

Similar footprints have been seen many times before during the last few years on the muddy banks of the Tantawangalo River. There have also been evidences of some marauding beast on the half-devoured carcasses of wallabies.

From a Travelling Circus

What is the explanation? One is offered by a correspondent who writes from Sydney, New South Wales, and sends with it a newspaper relating the last appearance and disappearance of the mysterious visitant.

Our correspondent recalls that last May the C.N. published an account of lions which had escaped from their cage and were afterwards captured and hauled back to captivity. The story brought back to her mind the fact that in New South Wales some fifteen years ago a tiger escaped from a travelling circus and was never seen again.

It seems, at any rate, possible that this tiger, finding the Australian bush and the freedom of the Southern tableland to its liking, has made its home there. As a home a tiger would find it attractive, 300 miles south of Sydney, 30 miles from the Pacific Coast, a climate warm in summer, not too cold in winter, and a larder not hard to fill.

But if the Tantawangalo tiger wishes to continue in the enjoyment of these amenities we strongly advise it to remain mysterious and more invisible than before.

SOMETHING GOOD FROM RIGA

Maxims For Schools

From a Travelling Correspondent

Riga, the capital of the new Republic of Latvia, on the Baltic, is so well known as the home of dark news from Russia, just over its frontier, that it may be a surprise to many that anything of a brighter nature can come from there.

The rules of conduct given to Latvian schoolchildren on a calendar we have just seen are as bright as one could wish, and run parallel in many ways to English maxims.

Translated from the Latvian language, which has its only relatives in India, these commandments read like this.

Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you. This is the golden rule of life.

Always and everywhere be civil. Never forget your Please and Thank You.

Keep your clothes and shoes in order. Never mind if they are coarse and inexpensive provided they are neat and tidy.

Have a place for everything and keep everything in its place.

Work according to a schedule and be master of your work.

Be truthful. To tell the truth is heroic; to lie is cowardly. A liar is not believed even when he speaks the truth.

Better be alone than in bad company. Do all in your power to combat bad language at school and elsewhere.

Never hurt another's feelings. To laugh at another's misfortunes is disgraceful and cruel.

Be contented, not envious. Care for another's property as you would for your own. Be a friend and help!

THE FIVE-DAY WEEK

Great Progress in America

England took the lead in establishing the Saturday half-day holiday, which is still unknown in many parts of the world. So we have accustomed ourselves to a five-and-a-half-days working week, ending in the one-day-and-a-half week-end holiday.

In the United States a fair beginning has been made with the establishment of a permanent five-day working week, ending in two complete days of rest.

The American Department of Labour has received reports from nearly 38,000 establishments in 77 industries on this subject. The inquiry was made at random in various trades to secure a sample of the general progress, and it was found that from two to three per cent of the works had permanently adopted the five-day week. As many of these works were large ones, the proportion of workers enjoying the five-day week was found to be higher still—over five per cent.

This is a remarkable result, for it shows that the shorter working week has already made great headway.

THE FLEA SHORTAGE And Its Cost to Research Workers

It is amusing to hear that Professor Enderlein of the Berlin Zoological Museum and Dr Roubaud of the Pasteur Institute are concerned about the flea shortage.

Research workers who need fleas for their experiments now have to pay five times as much for them as they did three years ago. It is stated that one great German institute has to spend £3000 a year on bringing fleas from South-Eastern Europe, because it is so hard to get fleas in Western Europe. It seems that there is a possibility that the flea may become extinct.

We fear that such a day is not very near, but still the news of the flea shortage is cheering. It shows that all the propaganda against that disease-carrying wretch has borne fruit; it shows that housing is better and people are cleaner, and that the world is taking more sensible steps to protect itself from its ancient enemies.

A generation ago ladies were afraid to travel in public conveyances "in case they got a flea," or to walk alone "in case they met a drunken man."

It is the rarest thing to meet one or the other now.

IDLE SHIPS

Ten Million Tons Laid Up

Shipping depression due to bad trade has reached the greatest dimensions within living memory. Lloyd's tells us that there are actually ten and a half million tons of merchant shipping laid up because there is nothing for them to do.

Counting in these ten and a half million tons, the whole world has now actually 70 million tons of merchant shipping. This means that the world possesses greater means of sea transport than ever before; indeed, the total is 21 million tons greater than when the war broke out.

Thus the world has not only plenty of produce but sufficient shipping to carry wealth in hitherto unknown quantities. The spell of idleness brooding upon the world has put out of action its splendid machinery.

Not only so, but the world's shipyards are ready and waiting to build more vessels to carry more wealth; everything is waiting for the magic wand of common sense and world agreement to liberate the powers of men.

Armaments are still costing the British taxpayer £200 a minute.

THE PETER PAN SHIP

Younger Than Ever at 77

A FINE EXAMPLE OF BRITISH SHIPBUILDING

It is dogged that does it.

Although it is 77 years since the little 380-ton barquette *Edina* first curtseyed to the seas, she is still as sound as on the day she was launched, and seems good for at least another half-century of work.

This Peter Pan of the ocean, which refuses to grow old, was originally built of good Low More iron. In spite of several collisions and many bad storms her frames and plating are still intact, showing that British shipbuilding of early Victorian days was as thorough as it is now, and British metal of as excellent a quality.

Like so many of our famous ships the *Edina* was built on the Clyde, and many are the adventures she has experienced since first she began taking passengers and cargo from Leith to Hamburg.

A Blockade Runner

During the Crimean War she took out a cargo of ordnance stores from Deptford, for she was a fast boat for those times. Then, after a spell of North Sea routine she was sent to America to run the blockade enforced by Lincoln during the Civil War to prevent the Southern States selling their cotton crop and thus obtaining money for munitions.

Seven thrilling voyages were made to Texas by the little *Edina*, and each time she loaded successfully with cotton for Lancashire in spite of the fact that three thousand miles of coastline were being constantly watched.

After the war she went to Australia, and ever since then she has been employed in the Australian coastal trade. Long ago she was fitted with engines, and today she is doing the same work of carrying passengers and cargo as in the 'fifties, never failing to make her daily journey of ninety miles from Melbourne to Geelong.

HOARDING

Huge Government Purchases WHAT WILL BE DONE SOME DAY

In our present unregulated and unorganised methods of crop production the attempts of Governments to alleviate the distress of farmers by buying up their stocks and putting them into store has done little or nothing to improve world conditions.

Thus, the American Government has bought up wheat and cotton and the Egyptian Government has bought up cotton to save farmers from beggary, but the existence of the stored material hangs like a cloud over the markets. On the other hand, if these Governments had not made these wholesale purchases there would have been swift ruin for many people. Some authorities argue that the buying and storing should never have been done; others support it as a measure which saved wide areas from terrible distress.

The problem of these huge stocks remains a serious one, and we can only suppose that if they are held long enough they will utterly spoil and be destroyed. However that may be, until these great bulk purchases are got rid of the markets will not know where they are regarding prices in the market.

The occurrence of such serious problems points to the world need for collaboration in output. The needs of the world must be estimated in advance and crops produced to meet these needs. No doubt some day this will be done as a matter of course, and no one will then think it at all wonderful.

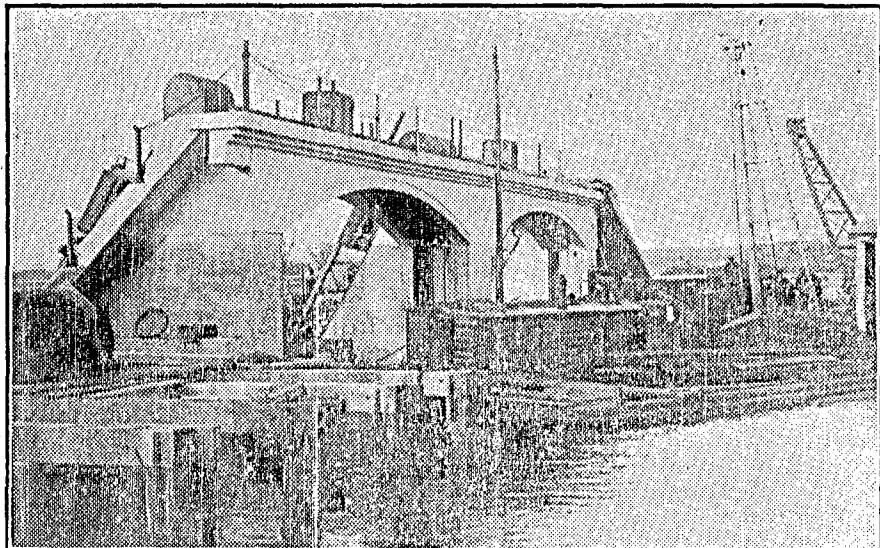
Leicester Rover Scouts are preparing a scheme whereby the Rovers of that city will assist traffic on foggy nights.

November 28, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

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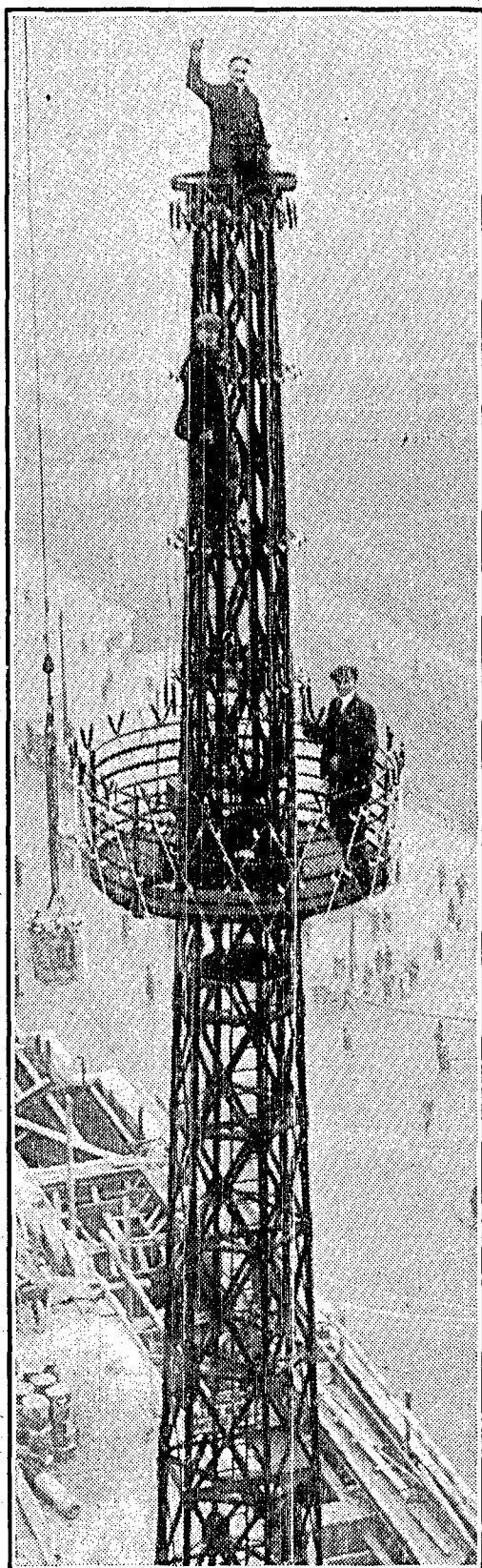
AERIAL LIGHTHOUSE • THAMES SAFETY VALVE • WINTER SLEEPERS



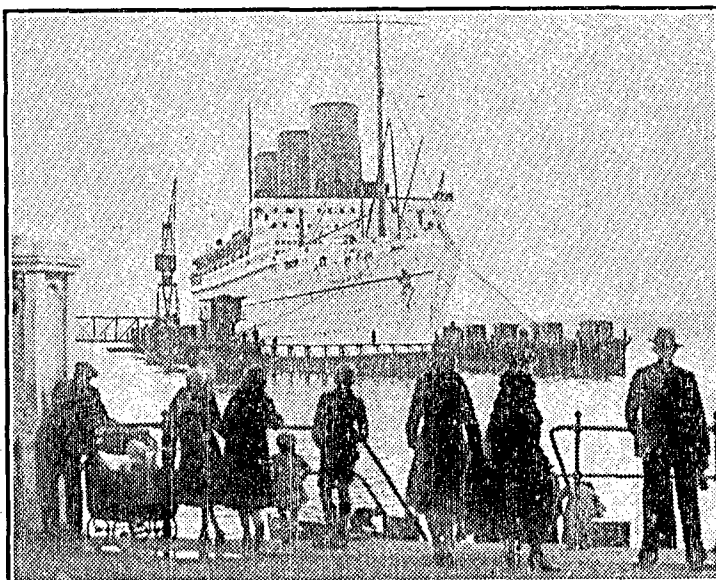
Safety Valve for the Thames—Here we see work proceeding on the new gates at Teddington Weir. They will control the flow of the river and prevent flooding.



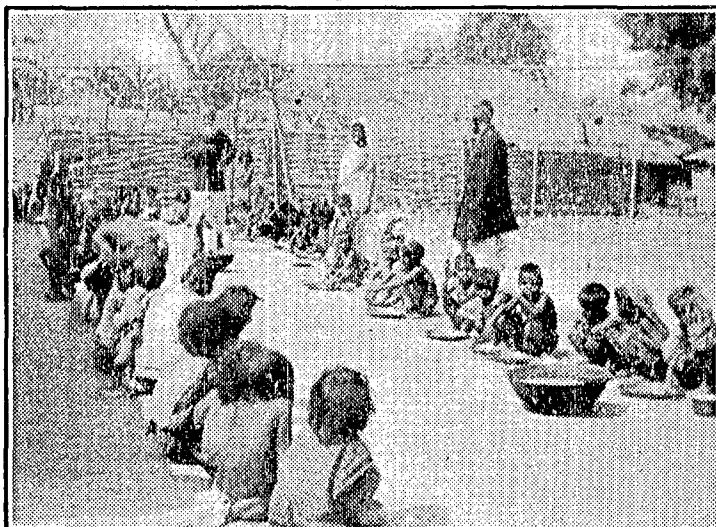
Whipsnade's White Lion—Whipsnade Zoo has a new lion of gigantic proportions. It has been cut into the chalky side of a hill, an idea suggested by the white horses seen elsewhere.



Aerial Lighthouse—This tall steel tower, which at night will be illuminated to act as a guide to aircraft, is being erected on a Manchester warehouse.



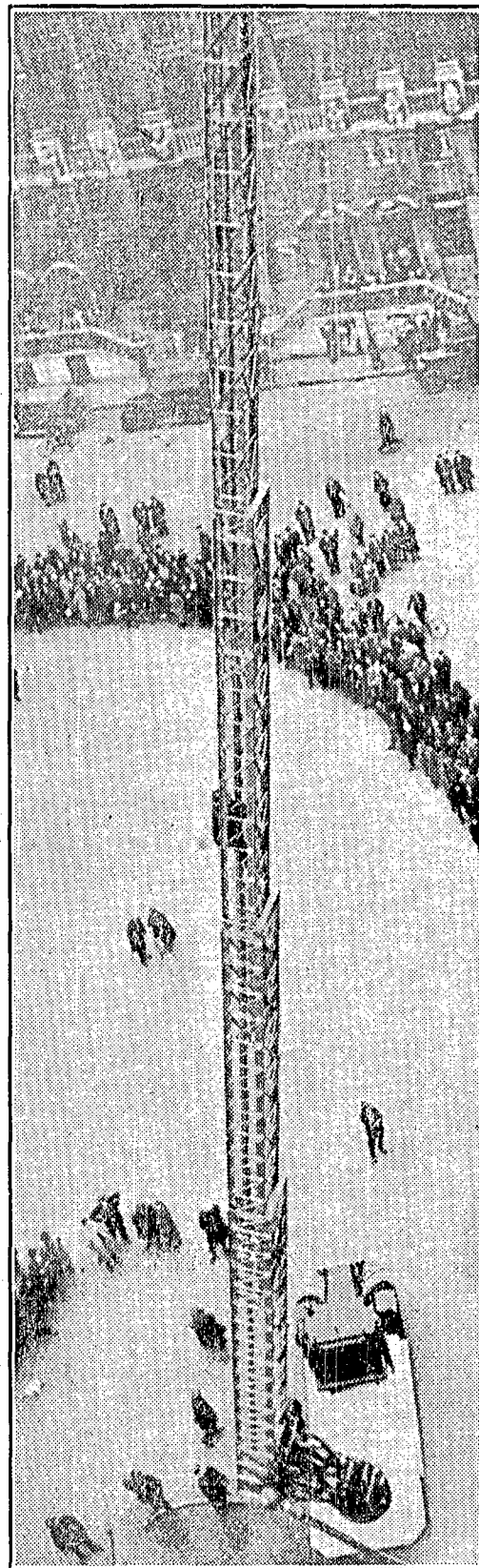
In the Floating Dock—The magnificent O.P.R. liner Empress of Britain is now making her first world cruise, which is to last nearly six months. Here she is at Southampton in the huge floating dock shortly before leaving.



The Daily Meal—During the busy picking season on the Baroora Tea Estate in Assam the children of the coolies were being neglected. The managers therefore arranged for them to have a square meal once a day. They seem to be enjoying their rice and vegetables.



The Sleepers—Sidney and Cyril, two of the ten giant tortoises at the London Zoo, have fallen into their winter sleep side by side in their enclosure, and thus they will remain until Spring.



New Fire Escape—A new type of fire escape was tested in Brussels the other day. It is 130 feet high, and can be raised in just over a minute.

EXTRAORDINARY PEEP OF WILD LIFE The Hawk, the Stoat, and Poor Bunny

An extraordinary picture of wild life on the Hampshire Downs has been sent to us from the Hampshire Chronicle, which received it from a Winchester reader.

We give it because it is exceedingly rare for such scenes to be witnessed, and because it must stir in us a deep sympathy for the struggle to live that goes on incessantly among dumb creatures.

On Sunday morning I walked over our beautiful downs toward Cheriton. It was amid the beauties of Nature in all her glorious autumn dresses that one of those tragedies of the wild was enacted which changes a blue sky to dismal grey.

I was wandering at leisure through a pathway of a thick wood, watching some half-grown "bunnies" wash their faces as they sat in the sun, when suddenly something dropped from nowhere on to the back of one of their number. Just one tiny squeal, an upward swoop, and poor bunny was a limp body in the talons of a kestrel hawk.

The Biter Bit

Amazed, I watched to see where the hawk would make its meal. Luck was with me, for it settled on the branch of an ash tree some twenty yards from where I stood. Keeping perfectly still I saw the hawk release its prey from its talons, and then, by some accident, the rabbit fell to the ground (usually a hawk holds its prey in its talons and rips it to pieces with its beak).

Like a flash the hawk followed it, and I was still more amazed to find that it remained on the ground fluttering and to see a small cloud of feathers float away in the wind.

Thinking the hawk was trapped I went nearer, but piercing screams and weird "clucking" sounds made me hesitate. Frankly I was a wee bit scared, for I have experienced before the savage way of a trapped carnivorous bird.

My fear soon gave way to sheer wonder, for I witnessed so remarkable a battle between bird and animal that I could scarce believe my eyes.

The Death Struggle

As the hawk touched the ground it must have met the jaws of a full-grown stoat, for it was this animal that was "clucking" as it scattered the hawk's feathers.

With tearing talons and slashing razor-like beak the hawk did its best to rip the stoat to pieces, but he, ever a wise and fearless fighter, had secured a grip under the wing and near the breast, and was hanging on like grim death. Of me they took not the slightest notice.

For some three minutes this grim struggle continued, while from the surrounding trees the outraged voices of all the birds in the neighbourhood made an incessant din. A number of small birds kept flying straight at the two combatants as though they were having a kick at two enemies who were powerless to retaliate.

The Double Tragedy

Gradually the struggles grew less until at last both lay still. When I examined them, the talons of the hawk were locked tightly round the stoat's body—the very breath had been squeezed out of that game little fighter—and the stoat, in bulldog fashion, had kept to his first hold, and had hung on until he, too, had won his battle.

To get the two apart, I had to force open the jaws of the stoat with my fingers and pull apart the stiffening talons of the hawk.

Autumn sunshine and the beauties of Mother Nature, which a few minutes before had made life seem so jolly, were all dispelled by this sudden tragedy of the wild. It left me with a feeling akin to physical pain, and I returned to Winchester utterly wretched and unhappy.

THE CHIVALRY OF THE AIR Strange Story of the War

In the tragic unescapable fate of hundreds of daring aviators in the war there is little room for any ray of gladness to enter.

Yet one pierces through the gloom and smoke of the air-fighting; it is the magnificent respect for one another which was born in these brave young pioneers in aerial warfare.

They fought because it was their duty. But they did not hate.

A striking story has lately been told of Boelcke, the German airman.

He had shot down a British plane and its pilot. As he sailed back toward the German lines he saw to his astonishment that the stricken plane was still flying in circles.

On the Banks of the Tigris

He returned and, flying close to the circling plane, perceived that the stricken pilot had fallen across the controls of the machine so that it must continue flying undirected on and on till the supply of petrol failed.

It is a curious story, but hardly stranger than another—that in Mesopotamia a British plane flew at Christmas-time over a German aerodrome by the banks of the Tigris and dropped a box of 200 cigarettes with the compliments of the British Royal Flying Corps.

As with the terrestrial ocean, so with that of the ocean of the air, there seems to have been born a chivalric freedom which will always care for a brave man, friend or foe.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

Is It a Boy's Story?

Perhaps you have thought Robinson Crusoe a story for boys. This is what Mr Cuming Walters has been saying about it at the Manchester Literary Club.

By that strange and even appalling fate which awaited some of our famous authors and their classic works Robinson Crusoe has come to be regarded as a rattling tale of adventure for boys. But there are many, including Rousseau and Scott, who believed it to be a philosophical treatise on the evolution of man. Essentially Defoe was a reformer.

He wanted to build up a new and a better social State. And, for those who could read between the lines, it was herein that the value of his Robinson Crusoe would be found. As a model he took a man who had been cast on his own resources, who was alone, who had to create a State or Constitution, and Defoe showed the construction of a little world of usefulness and beneficence.

We see Crusoe as the primitive labourer; as the maker of a new social State in which animals and eventually men played their part; as the organiser, the protector, the trainer, and the defender; as workman, student, and scholar. He was, like Adam, come into a strange world with everything to discover and everything to do.

It is like the first chapter of Genesis. It is the story of man epitomised, the history of the growth of the social State, of intellectual advance, and of the progress of religion from fear to faith.

THE SKY POLICE

Policing the sky will prove no easy task if the first experiments are a guide for the future.

A French aeroplane was ordered to ascend, break every regulation, and fly over forbidden areas.

The result was that only two of the look-out posts on the route saw the offending machine, and the police machine scoured the skies for over an hour without coming in sight of the law-breaker.

£500 FOR A TRACT Adventures of a Shelley Pamphlet

Over 100 years ago a Customs officer at Holyhead opened a large box and found it full of pamphlets, all alike.

He glanced at one, and thought it seemed dangerous stuff, so he kept the box, and forwarded a copy of the pamphlet to London. The Government quite agreed with his view of the tract, and ordered him to destroy the whole consignment.

The tract was written by a wild young man named Percy Bysshe Shelley in 1812. He was not yet famous. No one guessed that a day would come when collectors would offer £500 for a copy of this ten-page tract, and offer it in vain.

The Regeneration of Ireland

It was called The Proposals for an Association of those Philanthropists who, convinced of the inadequacy of the moral and political state of Ireland to produce benefits which are nevertheless attainable, are willing to unite to accomplish its regeneration.

Because of the order to destroy the whole edition at Holyhead the tract has now become the rarest of things. Only two copies were known to exist, the one sent to London for Government inspection and another which travelled from Ireland in the author's pocket.

Shelley's copy is in the Bodleian Library, and the one originally detained by the Secretary of the Post Office is now in the Huntington Library, California. It was bought at auction in 1903 for £530.

Now, to everyone's astonishment, another copy has turned up in Dublin. It has quickly passed to the shelves of a collector in England, and is the only one of the three copies which is in private hands.

THE GLOW-WORM'S LIGHT

A Remarkable Thing and Some New Discoveries

It is a very remarkable thing that the light of the glow-worm is just that shade of pale green to which our eyes are most sensitive.

Physicists have worked out elaborate curves which show how the eye sees greenish-yellow as the most luminous colour, blue and orange being less luminous, and red and violet less luminous still. A famous American physicist named Ives found many years ago that fire-flies and glow-worms concentrated all the energy of their light into that region of the spectrum or colour which is most effective on the eye.

But some new discoveries have now been made about another kind of glow-worm which gives off much more light because its colour is still more exactly that of the colour which is most luminous to our eye. Costly and complicated instruments are made to give light of a single wave-length the purest colour possible, and this glow-worm has succeeded in doing nearly the same thing.

The curious thing about this very luminous worm is that it will not produce any light whatever in the daytime, even though it be put in a dark room. It knows the clock as well as we do, and refuses to produce any light until night. Shaking or irritating it makes it give still brighter light, but only at night.

A WEEKLY GOOD DEED

Have you ever thought how difficult it is for a newsagent to order just the right number of copies of any paper each week? C.N. readers can make his task much easier by placing a regular order with him.

In this way you will not only help him to order correctly and avoid waste, but will make sure of getting your copy regularly.

PLAYING AT WINDSOR CASTLE In the Days of the Old Queen

Most people love to peep behind the scenes, and it is easier to do it now than in Queen Victoria's stately reign.

Many people envied the singers and actors who took part in command performances at Windsor Castle in those days. What was it like to be behind the scenes in a palace?

A gentleman who took part in those performances, and is modestly silent about his name, has let us into the secret.

To begin with, it was embarrassing. You had to arrive in evening dress. That meant leaving London on a summer afternoon dressed in such a way as to command attention. People saw you cowering in your cab, attired as if it were night-time, and thought "She is out of her mind" or "He was arrested last night for being drunk and disorderly, and has just been let out on bail."

High Tea

There was no chance of missing your party on Paddington Station. In the case of operas, the Covent Garden Opera Company engaged professionals for the principal parts, but many of the chorus members were amateur singers who were delighted to have the experience.

They all travelled in reserved saloons and were met by royal carriages. By King John's Tower they entered the castle, and were served with a solid meal which might be described as a high tea.

Then they wandered about the castle and some of the grounds till it was time to dress for a short rehearsal.

The performance began at 11 p.m. The Waterloo Chamber, hung with great pictures, was the hall. At one end was the stage, at the other, in the full glitter of brilliant chandeliers, sat the little old Queen, surrounded by men in Court dress and foreign uniforms and women ablaze with jewels.

The lights were not lowered during the performance, and supers were able to pick out the famous people present.

Great Fun

After the opera was over an excellent dinner was served in the early hours of the morning. The performers were thanked, the great singers were asked for their autographs, and then in early morning sunshine the company travelled back to London by a special train.

Many a man yawned over his work that day, but it had been great fun, and was worth a headache.

In those days people felt very far away from their Queen, for she had high notions of her own greatness. Now the King's daughter is a Guide and the King's sons are Scouts, and we go into camp with them. We all live in the same world today; and it would make Queen Victoria turn in her grave if she could know what has happened to the world she knew.

SOMETHING FOR NEXT TO NOTHING

A stream of information is always pouring into the offices of the National Geographic Society in Washington.

So much is of general interest that the society issues weekly bulletins, 12 pages of facts gleaned from the reports of their workers all over the world, specially for teachers, who may receive them free of charge for the thirty weeks of school. All they need do is send their names and addresses to the National Geographic Society, Washington, U.S.A., with the equivalent of 25 cents to cover postage.

The seven leading countries of the world used electric power last year equal to the power of 270 million horses working for one hour.

RARE GLIMPSE OF MERCURY

IN THE TWILIGHT SKY

A Sun-Baked World of Everlasting Day

HOW WE MAY SEE IT

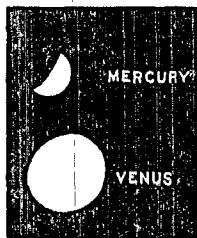
By the C.N. Astronomer

Two worlds are racing across the south-west sky, and both may be seen during the next two weeks.

They are Venus and Mercury, which, being exceptionally close together as viewed from the Earth, provide a very good opportunity of seeing the rarely-seen world of Mercury.

As Venus is so very bright, even in the sunset glow, it will be easy to locate Mercury.

To have gazed upon this fleeting, sun-baked world is indeed an achievement, for one of the greatest astronomers, Copernicus, who revealed the true relationship of Mercury to the other planets, never saw it during his lifetime.



Mercury and Venus as they appear now

Advantage should therefore be taken of this splendid opportunity, which will be spread over the next fortnight, during which one evening at least will surely be fine and clear enough for us to see this evanescent little world.

But the time will be short; from a quarter to half-past four o'clock is the best time to get a glimpse of him, before he sinks too low into the mists and cloud usually near the horizon, for he sets at about 5 o'clock.

Venus may be seen very soon after the Sun has set, shining some way to the left of and above where the Sun vanishes. Once found Mercury should soon come into view, to the right of Venus and at a somewhat lower altitude.

He will be at a distance of between two and three times the apparent width of the Moon away from Venus and so easily observed in the same field of view of a telescope. Field-glasses, binoculars, or even opera-glasses will help to bring Mercury into view against the bright twilight sky.

Although Venus and Mercury appear so close together actually about 55 million miles separate them, Mercury being much the nearer to us and some 85 million miles away; Venus is about 140 million miles away.

Eternal Day and Eternal Night

Both are rapidly approaching our world and so getting brighter, but while we shall see Venus getting more glorious as the winter advances Mercury will soon disappear as he gets between us and the Sun.

Meanwhile let us think of what that tiny point of light represents. An extensive world with an area as large as the continents of Asia and Africa put together, that is, about 28 million square miles; nearly one-half of it a vast region of burning hot desert and burned-up rock under a baking Sun, which on an average would appear about seven times the size he appears in our sky, and pouring down about seven times as much light and heat.

There we should find lakes and seas of molten lead, if lead was there in sufficient quantities; and no night would ever follow the terrible everlasting day of cloudless skies.

On the greater part of the other half of Mercury would reign an everlasting night of intense cold. Ever moonless, but with a glorious, star-bedecked sky adorned with the same constellations that we see, and our world now shining like a glorious star in the east of Mercury's sky with a radiance comparable to that which Venus presents to us at her brightest.

G. F. M.

C. L. N.

Cheering Up a Lonely English Sailor

A DANISH BOY'S FRIENDLY DEED

Number of Members—29,404

There are limitless ways in which boys and girls can help to abolish war. Here is an example of what may result from the friendly impulse of a schoolboy.

John is a Danish lad of ten. One evening he read in the paper that an English sailor had hurt his knee and been taken to the local hospital. John thought it must be pretty dull to be ill in bed in a place where you could not understand one word that was said to you, so he went to the attic to rummage out something that might entertain the foreign sailor.

He found an English magazine. It was a very old one, but it was in the sailor's own language and would help to pass the time. But when he thought of taking the magazine round himself he felt too shy.

Goodwill in Action

The next day at school John spoke to Hans about it. Hans had been to England with the Scouts and could speak a little English. Would Hans come with him to deliver the magazine? Hans would, but he wanted to take something himself. His contribution was three bananas and some stamped postcards for the man to write home on, and they set out.

Their visit was such a success that their class has decided to make itself responsible for cheering up any lonely foreigners who might find their way to their hospital.

John's kind action may lead to even bigger results, as C.L.N. members are always on the look-out for new ideas.

Armistice Day has come round again, making us more than ever determined to put an end to quarrelling and killing each other. Who will join the C.L.N. and help to make war impossible?

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,

15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. Office.



The C.L.N. Badge

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

Story for C.L.N. Members

The British Navy's Baby—page 2

WHO WAS CARL LINNAEUS?

Born Sweden, 1707. Died Sweden, 1778.

The founder of modern botany was the son of a poor clergyman, from whom he inherited his love of Nature. Declining to devote himself to a clerical life the boy was apprenticed to a shoemaker, but managed to work his way to the Universities of Lund and Upsala, living on £8 a year, and making his own boots from the bark of trees. Luckily he attracted the notice of a man whose interests were similar to his own, and for the future his path was smooth. When twenty-four he was sent on an expedition to Lapland, whence he returned with a mass of new material on natural history. Befriended in Holland by Boerhaave, he was given charge of the gardens and collection of a wealthy Haarlem merchant. His career closed with an appointment to a professorship of physic and botany. He devised the system of classification of the animal and vegetable world called, after himself, the Linnaean system, and his grouping has been of inestimable value to succeeding generations of botanists.

THE KING IN THE OAK

WHY A CHEQUE GOES ACROSS THE EARTH

The Long Story of a Little Family Pension

FROM CHARLES THE SECOND TO AUSTRALIA

What historian could have predicted such a fantastic tale as that there could be any connection between the modern city of Sydney and the flight of Charles the Second from the Battle of Worcester?

Australia in those days was a land dreamed of by only a few. Adventurous Dutch seamen had touched upon its coasts, but to Englishmen it was merely a tale heard in some encounter with men who had sailed in those vessels.

And yet there is a definite link. This is the story.

Through a Secret Passage

When the weary Cavaliers were routed by Cromwell at Worcester in 1651 Charles the Second fled from the battlefield to the cover of the forests. He espied in the distance the peculiarly-shaped chimneys of the house of the Penderells and, knowing them to be good friends, sought sanctuary with them. They led him through a secret passage and out to the famous oak tree in which he hid. Then they returned to their house and heaped mounds of cheeses in front of the door of the secret passage so that the bloodhounds that were on the track of the fugitive king should be put off the scent.

When Charles was restored he ordered a good annuity to be paid to the loyal Penderells. William and Richard Penderell received one hundred pounds a year, Humphrey, George, and John a hundred marks each, and Elizabeth Yates, the daughter of old William Penderell, fifty pounds.

Descendants of the Penderells

The descendants of these royal benefactors live in Sydney, thirteen thousand miles from the scene of their forefather's loyalty. They are two brothers named Walsh, their mother being a direct descendant of the original Penderells.

Each year the money (which now amounts to £14 16s 6d) is posted to them under an order of the Chancery Division of the English High Court of 1890.

The family has, during the three hundred years that have intervened, seen the discovery and the growth of a vast land which was practically unknown when their family home sheltered the royal fugitive and the baying bloodhounds were foiled by a heap of cheeses; but still the gratitude of a Stuart king is kept alive by an annual cheque, posted over thousands of miles of land and sea.

FIVEPENNY OPERA

Those music-lovers of Munich we referred to lately, who can get a seat in the opera house for only 9d, should come to London if they want to hear good music really cheaply.

All through the present season of opera, which is running until December in alternate fortnights at the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells, the lowest-priced seats are 5d and 6d. This is all the more marvellous because of the cost of some of the productions.

Both theatres are doing splendid work for education, in spite of the fact that they are hampered for finance.

THE IMMOVABLE SENTRY

In the C.N. recently a writer wondered what a sentry at Whitehall would do if something happened, which reminded a reader of the thing that *did* happen not so very many weeks ago, and had never been known to happen before.

A sentry went sound asleep on his horse, and fell off!



"Good for us all, Granny"

THAT is what Peter says. And Mummy knows that there is nothing to equal "Ovaltine"—a delicious extraction of malt, milk and eggs—for building up health, strength, and vitality.

Her own work is done with ease and pleasure. In addition to the breakfast cup of "Ovaltine," she has a cup in the middle of the morning and finds the day's duties do not weary her.

Daddy always has "Ovaltine" as his breakfast and "good-night" beverage. It gives him the energy and vitality he needs to deal with the difficulties he meets every day.

And Peter, too. Peter is growing. Nourishment is essential for healthy growth, and also for giving him new stores of energy. "Ovaltine" is his daily beverage, and he also has a cupful just before going to bed.

Granny is growing old and feeble. "Ovaltine" provides the nourishment she needs without taxing her digestive powers.

"Ovaltine" Tonic Food Beverage is the richest in food value—the cheapest in cost—the most economical in use.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Reduced Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

Mummy likes them too!



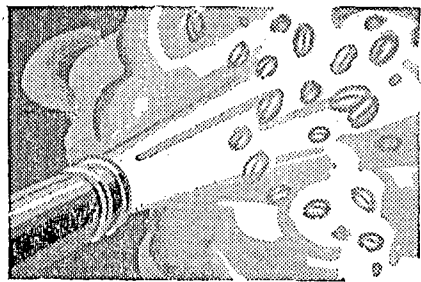
MARJORIE says "I like this Puffed Rice which Mummy gives me for supper, and Mummy likes it, too." And Mother's glad because she's found the ideal cereal for the children in the delicious puffed grains.



MOTHER first bought Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice for the kiddies—but she found them so tempting that she eats them with as much zest as the children.

Thousands of mothers who have experienced trouble with wilful children have solved the cereal problem with Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

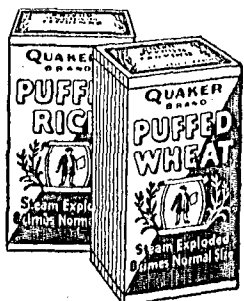
Never before were wheat and rice made so tempting, so delicious and so nourishing. Puffed Wheat offers the nutritive value of the whole wheat grain. Puffed Rice is selected rice puffed to a delicious crispness. Both ready to serve.



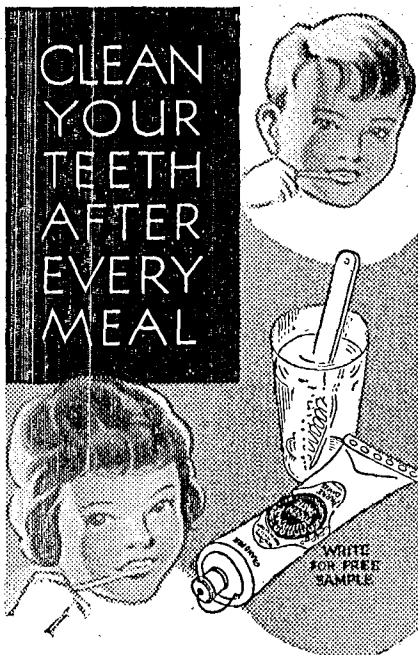
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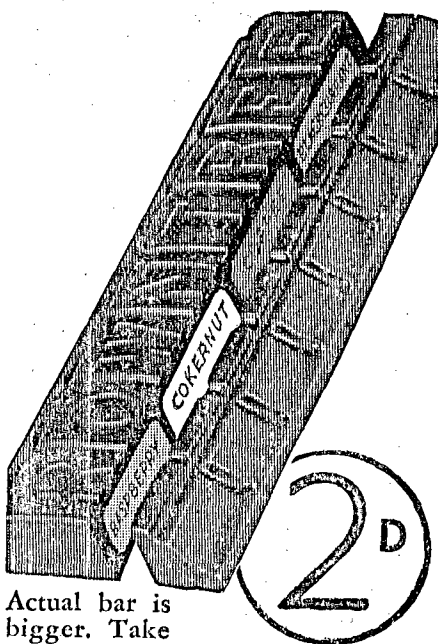
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A STRANGER AT A ZOO

The French Stork in Vienna

News of the aeroplane trips given by the Vienna authorities to the storm-driven swallows seems to have filtered through into the animal world and to have aroused envy in the bosom of at least one French stork. He decided to put himself in the way of similar favours.

One morning a little while ago Professor Antonius, director of a zoo near Vienna, espied an unknown stork in the gardens. He was about to give instructions to have it placed in the stork house with his other charges when he noticed a ring on the newcomer's leg marked "Versailles."

Having pondered for some time on the best way of returning the truant to its rightful owners Professor Antonius decided to beg for an audience from the French Minister in Vienna, Comte Clauzel, and see what he thought about it.

Greatly to Comte Clauzel's surprise he did not come alone, but appeared in the study leading the fugitive by the tip of one wing. After due explanations the Minister agreed to take charge of his feathered compatriot and sent it back to its owners, not indeed by aeroplane, but by train.

If this was a disappointment to the stork it has but to try again.

HOT AIR MENDS A ROAD

A Remarkable Invention

There is a wonderful road-mending machine at work between Sidcup and Maidstone, and it is so quick that a short length of highway can be repaired in a few minutes.

With a blast of hot air it buckles up the old surface, which is then raked away. Then the foundation is levelled with new asphalt, which the hot air causes to stick firmly to the road. It only requires a steamroller to finish the job.

The machine is mounted on an ordinary lorry, and it uses oil fuel to heat the air to 600 degrees Centigrade. The blast is directed on to the road through a hood eight feet square.

In several towns motor or trolley buses have replaced trams, and it has been very difficult to fill in the old tramlines properly with tar and gravel. With this new machine the steel rails can be so heated that a sprinkling of bitumen and chips can be completely welded for all time with the old tramway track.

Pneumatic drills and road-up signs should soon be dreams of a clumsy past.

A TRIO FOR BOYS

Three Books For Christmas

If you want a jolly gift that can hardly fail to please a boy make sure to get a copy of Chums Annual, now on sale at 12s 6d. It offers wonderful value for money. There are 832 pages of reading matter and 12 plates. Everything the schoolboy wants to read about is dealt with in an entertaining way, and there are long stories of school life, sport, mystery, and adventure.

A fine new book for boys is the Modern Boy's Book of Aircraft. It is published this year for the first time and its price is 7s 6d. Dealing with aircraft and flying generally it is crammed with thrilling and amusing narratives by practical aviators. There are four colour plates. Every air-minded boy will revel in it.

One of the most fascinating books for boys on the market is the Modern Boy's Annual, which is published at 6s. From cover to cover it is crammed with up-to-date attractions, aeroplanes, locomotives, motor-cars, ships, motor-boats, and so on. There are three complete stories and hundreds of illustrations.

A BALKAN PACT OF PEACE

Six Nations Confer at Constantinople

ISMET PASHA'S FINE LEAD

No longer need the Foreign Ministers of the great States of Europe regard with anxious eye the little States on the Balkan Peninsula.

For a hundred years their quarrels were a source of wars big and small, and one never knew when a conflagration might break out that would involve the bigger nations.

Ismet Pasha of Turkey and President Venizelos of Greece have shown the better way for the solution of the inter-State problems of the South-East of Europe. They have signed a pact of friendship and non-aggression, and Ismet Pasha has just welcomed at Constantinople the delegates to the second annual conference of the six Balkan States: Albania, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Greece, and Turkey.

Revising the School Books

Last year the conference was held at Athens, when arrangements were made for cooperation in transport and public health and the removal of unfriendly expressions from school books.

This year it has been decided to establish a Balkan Chamber of Commerce with its centre at Constantinople. A Postal Union and the unification of Civil Law have been considered, while agreements likely to lead to a Customs Union are being worked out.

There is to be cooperation in reducing armaments, and a committee has been appointed to work out the details of a Balkan Pact under which the six States would peacefully settle their disputes and arrange for mutual defence against any aggressor.

This committee is to report to the third conference to be held next year, by which time it is hoped the Foreign Ministers will have met and given their official blessing to the proposal.

A GOOD HOME FOR A PIANO

One More Story of This Kind World

A lovely story comes to us of the piano sent as a gift from a lady in Cambridge to the Williamstown Glee Party, 24 of whose members are unemployed colliers.

A journalist recently referred to these choristers as "angels in blue serge," and he wrote that if anybody had a piano whose keyboard was not afflicted with a bad stammer the Angels in Blue Serge would be very glad to give it a good home.

And the lady in Cambridge, who wishes to remain anonymous, wrote immediately that she had a piano without a stammer or any dead notes and that she would be glad to make a gift of it to the party.

The difficulty of getting the piano from Cambridge to Wales was soon overcome. The whole community of Pen-y-graig joined in the task of transporting it. Some of the members were able to give contributions, but the bulk of the cost was met by the tradesmen and other people interested.

The happy choristers left Rhondda in a lorry, and in spite of a blowing gale they sang their way 200 miles to fetch the precious piano.

The Williamstown Male Voice Party has won the blue ribbon of Welsh male chorists at the National Eisteddfod as well as hundreds of smaller competitions, and now these Tommy Tuckers of today hope to have further triumphs with the help of their piano.

THE DANGER TRAIL

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 15

The Third Quake

Derek and Tod sprang up and raced for the mouth of the cave. Tod's face was white as he turned to Derek. "Kespi's right, Derek, we're boxed in."

Derek did not speak, he stood quite still, staring at the pile of rock which barred the mouth of the cave.

"Can't you say something?" demanded Tod roughly.

Derek laid a hand on his friend's shoulder. "What can I say, old man? We can't dig through that."

Tod's hot temper flamed. "You mean you'll sit down and starve to death?"

"I don't mean that. There may be some other way out."

"Then, why don't you say so? You stand there like a dummy. Anyone would think you were scared."

"I am scared. And so are you, Tod. Anyone would be scared in our place, so it's nothing to be ashamed of."

Tod did not answer. He was biting his lip and Derek saw he was trying to get hold of himself, and wisely remained silent. At last Tod turned.

"Sorry, Derek, I got kind of excited. Let's go and look for the other way out."

Kespi was sitting where they had left him. He showed no special sign of fright. Derek told him what they had found and what they meant to do, but Kespi shook his head.

"This not like Cuzco cave. This rock not same. I not think we find other way out."

"We're going to have a mighty good try," returned Tod.

"God go with you," said Kespi, speaking in Spanish. "I stay with Manacan. If I no see you again, good-bye."

"He's a cheerful old croaker," growled Tod as, torch in hand, he started down the big cave. "I'm going to keep on trying so long as I can stand up."

"Me, too," agreed Derek, but he really had as little hope as Kespi. Kespi was right. This cave was not like the cave of the Big Fish. That was all limestone, which is easily dissolved by water, and so is always full of holes and passages. This was hard volcanic rock, and Derek had no doubt that the tunnel they were in had been formed by eruption or earthquake. He was so badly frightened that it was all he could do to keep himself from falling into blind panic.

The cave narrowed again and dipped steeply downward. It became so warm that Derek threw off his poncho. The light of the torch showed walls of black rock, in places shining as if they had been melted by intense heat. But there were no side passages, and Derek realised that they were going straight toward the heart of the volcano. Tod stopped.

"What's that I hear?" he said sharply. Tod's hearing was wonderful, and Derek had to listen hard before a faint murmuring sound reached his ears.

"Sounds like water," he said after a pause. "It's water—running water," Tod said, and hurried forward.

How could there be water in a place like this? But a gleam of hope came back to Derek as he followed Tod down the steep slope. The cavern ran almost straight, dipping all the way. It varied in height and width, but there was always plenty of room. Here and there a big lump of stone, shaken from the roof, lay on the floor. Here, inside the mountain, the rock was so hard that it would take a very big earthquake to break it. The passage curved to the left and as the boys rounded the angle Tod gave a shout.

"It's a river, Derek."

A moment later the two stood on the edge of a stream which came from an arched tunnel to the right and disappeared into a similar tunnel on the left. It was about twenty feet wide and the torchlight was reflected from its smooth, shiny surface.

"A river," repeated Tod. "It must find its way out somewhere."

Derek looked at it doubtfully. "Yes," he said at last, "but how's that going to help us? We've no boat or anything to build one with."

"What's the matter with swimming?" demanded Tod.

Derek shrugged. "You and I might try that, but Manacan can't, or the donkeys."

Tod looked rather dashed. "They might be able to wade. Let's see how deep it is." He pulled off his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeve and probed it with his arm, but found no bottom.

"Ugh, it's cold," he growled.

"Comes from some glacier high up the mountain," Derek told him. "Wait, I'll strip off and try it." He had his clothes

off in a twinkling, and Tod held his hand as he slipped over into the water. In he went up to his armpits, and the current swept him off his feet. It was all Tod could do to haul him out.

"No wading there," he said between chattering teeth. "You're right about its being cold, Tod. We shouldn't last long in it if we tried to swim."

"Then what in sense are we going to do?" Tod burst out. "I'd sooner freeze than starve."

Boom! again that dull roaring sound, and the rock floor heaved beneath their feet with a strange swaying motion.

"We shan't starve, Tod," said Derek grimly. "That eruption you talked of must have started." Tod did not answer, and Derek saw that he was staring at the stream. "What's the matter?" he asked.

Tod passed his hand across his eyes. "Say, am I seeing things, or is the water falling?"

"Water falling!" repeated Derek in amazement.

"Yes: look at the wet line on the rock. It's an inch at least above the surface." It was, and Derek, gazing fixedly down at the river, distinctly saw that it was shrinking. Within a minute it was down another inch and its murmur was growing less.

"If this ain't the craziest place I ever did see!" muttered Tod.

"Nothing crazy about it," returned Derek. "It's the earthquake has done the trick. This stream comes out of some glacier miles up the mountain. The quake has shaken down a big landslide or avalanche, filled the valley the stream runs through and dammed it up."

"Then it'll run dry?"

"Almost sure to."

"And we can get away down the dry bed." "There's a pretty good chance, but we'll have to work quickly. You can't tell how long the dam will hold, and once it bursts—"

But Tod was gone. He was running hard back up the cavern passage, and Derek, though he had hardly any clothes on, followed. He did not care about being left in the dark.

CHAPTER 16

Perilous Passage

It was the two donkeys which made all the trouble. Kespi, when he heard what the boys had found, was as eager as they to take advantage of this possible means of escape. But Sucki and his mate hated the whole business.

Manacan at last got them to move. He did it by lighting a piece of oil-soaked rag and holding it close behind them. The burros hated fire, and decided to move rather than risk being scorched.

But the delay had lasted half an hour, and Derek was very anxious. If the dam burst the flood would roar down the tunnel and sweep them all to destruction.

"It's dry," announced Tod as he reached the edge of what had been the river. So it was. There was nothing but the barest trickle where before there had been five or six feet of swiftly-flowing water.

Then began the most trying part of all that terrible night.

It was impossible to go fast. The bed of the river was in some places smooth as glass and terribly slippery; in others covered with rounded stones which were horrible things to walk over, and where even the surefooted burros tripped and stumbled.

Kespi went first, carrying the torch; then came the two donkeys, and behind them the boys with Manacan between them. Manacan was plucky, but his body was a mass of bruises, and he could not walk without help.

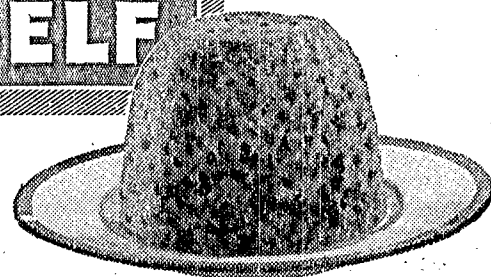
The first trouble came less than two hundred yards from the start. A rock had fallen from the roof, and although the men could pass it there was not room for the donkeys. Tod and Derek and Kespi put their shoulders to it and, after a struggle which left them all breathless and dripping, succeeded in shifting it. The next bit was easy—fairly level, with plenty of roof space, but then came a fall. It was shallow and nothing for the boys, but the donkeys jibbed, and the only way to get them down was to literally push them over the edge. The next stage was steep and slippery, and they had to go very slowly.

"Light he go out!" said Kespi. For a moment Derek felt a throb of panic, but luckily Tod had another battery. Their very lives depended on light.

On again. The roof began to drop, and Derek got a fresh scare. It came down and down, then rose again, and they came into a

Continued on the next page

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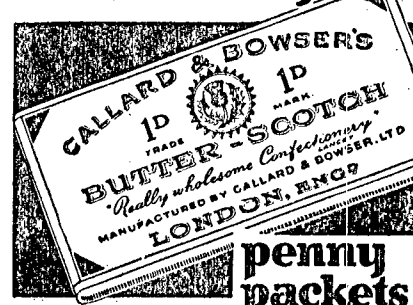
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larger cave. It was cooler here. The river-bed ran through the centre of the place.

Then came another tremor. The same dull roar, but the quake was very slight, and there was no fall of rock.

"That scared me!" Tod said to Derek. "Me, too!" Derek answered. "And I'm still scared."

"Why?"

"The water. It may not take much to shift the dam."

"Ugh!" grunted Tod. "I'd forgotten that. If my hair's not gone grey I'll be surprised."

Derek tried to laugh, but it was rather a poor attempt.

They passed through the big cave and found a long slide. Sucki lost his feet and shot down it like a toboggan, but when he reached the bottom did not seem any the worse. They had come, Derek thought, nearly a mile, but so far there was no sign of any opening. All the time they had been going downhill, and he thought they must be on a level with the valley. Suppose the stream went under the valley?

The next obstacle was a pool, a deep hole in the bed of the subterranean river where water had lodged. In the glow of the torch the surface bubbled in the strangest fashion. The pool was full of tiny blind fish. Luckily they were able to clamber up the bank and get round the edge of the pool. It would have been no joke to wade it, for it was cold as ice. The roof began to drop again. Presently Tod nudged Derek.

"The water's rising," he whispered.

Derek looked down. Water was running down the stream bed. Only an inch or so, but it meant that behind them the choked river was lapping the rim of the dam or else that the dam itself was beginning to crumble. Kespi saw it too. If his eyes were old not much escaped them.

"We hurry!" he said briefly.

The boys did their best, but Manacan was almost exhausted. Then suddenly the torch flickered out.

"It can't have burned out!" said Tod sharply. "Give it to me, Kespi."

Kespi handed it back, and by the light of a match which Derek struck the American boy tried the connections.

"They're all right. It's the bulb," he said. "And—and I haven't another."

Continued in the last column

JACKO'S LUCK

JACKO arrived at the station as the train was moving out of the platform. He sprang through the nearest door and flung himself on to a seat.

When he had got his breath back he sat up; it had just occurred to him that he had forgotten to buy a ticket.

"And if I haven't hopped into a first-class carriage!" he thought.

Jacko's smile disappeared. For the life of him he couldn't resist the temptation to steal a glance at the bit of cardboard in his hand. Was it? It was!

"You can't have lost it, sir," the Inspector was saying. "Have another look." And he turned to Jacko.

Jacko turned the ticket over and meekly held it out.



Jacko was looking a picture of smiling innocence

"Tickets, please!" said a voice in the next compartment.

"What luck!" muttered Jacko. "Hello! What's that?"

He was staring at a piece of white cardboard on the floor. It was a first-class ticket.

"What luck!" cried Jacko again.

He pounced on it and picked it up, and when the Inspector appeared at the door he was looking a picture of smiling innocence.

An old gentleman in the corner seemed a long time producing his ticket.

"Strange!" he kept saying. "I had it in my hand a few minutes ago—I was making a note on it."

The man tried to take it, but to his surprise Jacko held on.

"Let go," said the man.

"Let go yourself," said Jacko.

Whereupon the Inspector caught his hand in a grip of iron and up shot the ticket.

"I thought so," he cried, turning it over, and pointing to some pencil marks on the back. "Here you are, sir," turning to the old gentleman. "Here's your ticket. As for you, you young scamp, you deserve—"

But whatever it was Jacko never got it, for at that moment the train pulled up at a station and Jacko sprang out and disappeared.

"Never mind, old man. We have plenty of matches!" He struck another. It went out. "There's a draught!" he cried.

"You're right," Tod answered unsteadily. "Then we must be near the opening."

"Don't count on it too much. It may be a hole in the roof," said Derek.

"Stop croaking. I tell you we're near the mouth!"

Derek was silent, for he realised that Tod was cracking. He did not wonder, for his own nerves were jumping. What was making things worse was that the water was rising quite fast. It was now over his ankles, running strongly with an increasing murmur of sound. He struck another match, shielding it with his hand.

"The donkeys!" cried Tod sharply.

"They're gone!"

"They run," said Kespi.

"Where?"

"I think they go out."

"Out!" Tod's voice was almost a scream. "Come on, Derek!"

"But I can't see any opening!" said Derek, bewildered. "There's no light!"

"Never mind. There's some way out. Those burros wouldn't have gone if there hadn't been. Here, give me some matches."

Manacan gave a shrill cry.

"Light! I see light!"

"And so do I!" said Derek. "It's an S curve, Tod. That's why it's so dim. Don't worry about matches; we can make it."

With Manacan between them, the boys struggled on toward a faint, greyish patch which broke the intense gloom. For a few moments nothing was heard but their laboured breathing and the rush of the rapidly-rising stream. Then, rounding a second curve, they stopped short, blinking and half-blinded by brilliant sunlight which shone through a high rock arch.

"Safe!" gasped Tod, as they staggered out into the open where the new-risen sun turned a great plain of snow into a sheet of shimmering white, and where the two donkeys were pawing in the thick carpet to find the grass beneath.

Of them all Kespi was the only calm one.

"We in valley," he said. "There old temple. But I not think we go there."

"Why not?" demanded Tod.

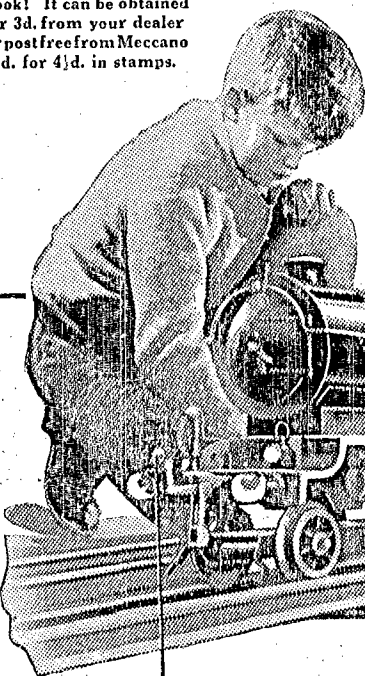
"Dolaro there before us. See smoke."

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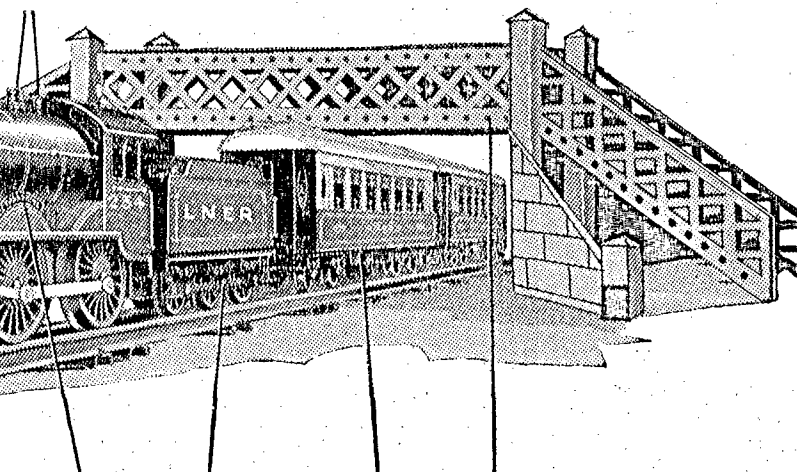
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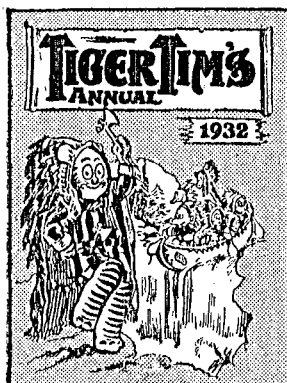
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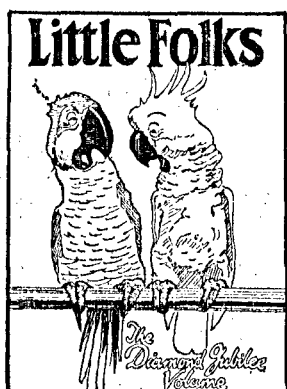
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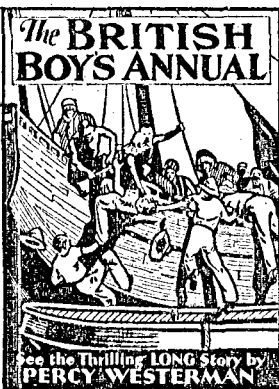
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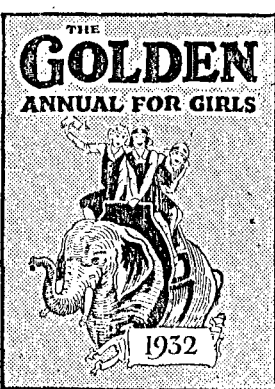
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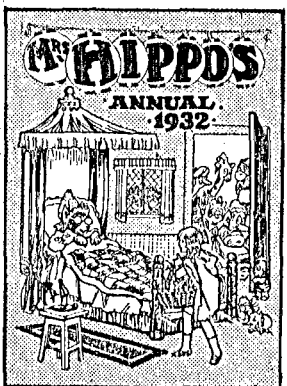
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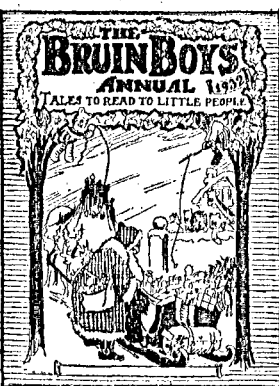
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(Dept. C.P.2), 60, Leicester Rd., East Finchley, N.2

"HELP! HELP!"

Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, Food and Money for Xmas Treats for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands.

Any gift will be gratefully received by **LEWIS H. BURTT, Secretary, Hoxton Market Christian Mission, Hoxton Market, London, N.1.**

President—**WALTER SCOTTS, Esq.**

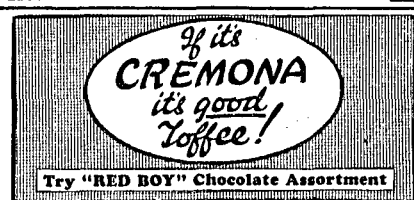
Young People love Sardines and they are good for them, too. Those they choose are the real sardines—the

MARIE ELISABETH SARDINES.

They can be had at every good Grocer's in the British Isles.

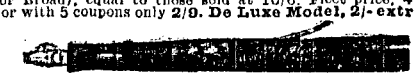
GOOD? Well, there are more of them sold than any other. That should be convincing.

NUTTALL'S MINTOES 4^p PER QR



CUT THIS OUT

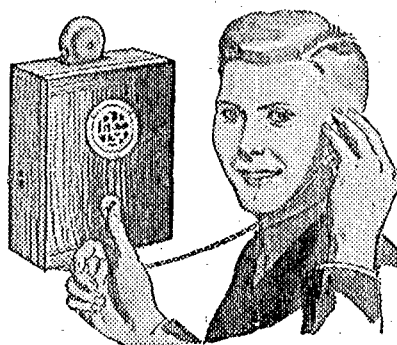
CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d. Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/6 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the **FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet St., E.C.4.** By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling **FLEET S.F. PEN** with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium or Broad), equal to those sold at 10/6. Fleet price, 4/-, or with 5 coupons only 2/6. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.



HOORAY!

IT'S FROM HAMLEYS!

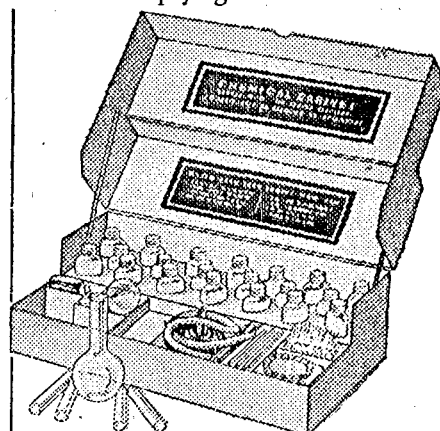
Just what you wanted. A real toy that will last and last. Toys, like the ones shown below, you will never get tired of. Come to Hamleys in Regent Street and see all the wonderful things that abound there. You'll see the finest model railway in London. You'll see a pond with a speed boat and other craft. Something new at every step—something glorious—and all at prices even Father won't mind paying!



HOME TELEPHONE SET

What fun to talk from room to room, or to lay a wire out to the Summer House! You can make a real telephone—with this all-British set. No. 1 OUTFIT. Complete with all necessary parts and full instructions for fitting up two complete instruments.

PRICE 21/- Post free.



CHEMICAL CABINET

This is the popular Hamley Upright Chemical Outfit No. 3, which forms a little laboratory of its own. It contains 20 chemicals, Bunsen Burner, etc. With it you can conduct all sorts of exciting experiments, test food-stuffs, dye cloth, and much besides.

British made PRICE 12/6 Postage 1/3



MINIATURE GARDENING

You can design your own little garden with this set. Miniature plants, flower beds, garden seat, lawns and crazy paving are all ready for you to lay out in your own way. British made.

PRICE COMPLETE 6/- Post free.

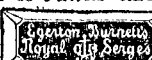


HAMLEY BROTHERS LTD., 200-202 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1 1/2 lb. 4/6, 3 lb. 9/-. Excellent for Children's Garments, etc. Heather Mixture 3/3 lb. White, Navy, etc., 3/4 lb. post free. **PURE WOOL SERGES** from 2/8 to 25/11 yard. Reliable. Tweeds, Flannels, Tailoring, Blankets, etc. Patterns sent with pleasure.

NEARLY 60 YEARS' REPUTATION.

EGERTON
BURNETT'S
N.C. DEPT.



WELLINGTON
SOMERSET,
ENGLAND.

1000 PACKET 4 1/2^p

500 excellently mixed stamps, complete sheet of 100 Postage unused, 12-page booklet for duplicates, 21d. extra. 25 British Colonials, 375 Strip Mounts (three times as quick as the old-fashioned single ones), also my fine illustrated list. Senders of stamp-collecting friends' addresses will receive in addition a free set. Ask to see my cheap approval sheets.

WATKINS (C.N. Dept.), Cranville Road, BARNET.

Someone is going to have a good time!



WHY NOT YOU?

PLASTICINE OUTFITS

have always been a welcome GIFT AT XMAS.

The New "Octagon" Box

has 8 Colours, Tool, etc., and sells at 1/6, or by post 2/-.

May we send you a few particulars and our lists? Post free on request.

Ask about "NOVLART."

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE LTD. 18, BATHAMPTON BATH.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 28, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

Hidden Fruits

IN each of the following sentences the name of a fruit is hidden, reversed.

He met a dear friend in the train. Please do what you can to help Pat in his trouble.

He asked the waiter to bring him an omelette.

I shall take my dog if possible. She had her famous emerald embodied in her necklace.

Answer next week

This Way to London

A NEW form of direction sign is now to be seen on some of our roads.



It is the work of an artist in metal, Captain G. C. Clark, and is cut out of wrought iron one-eighth of an inch thick. The lettering is pierced, and the only cost of maintenance of this quaint sign is an occasional coat of paint. Dick Whittington is the ideal figure to set us on the right way to London Town.

How They Worked

Bach. One of the striking points about Bach's Mass in B Minor is its coherence, so that anyone listening to it gains the impression that it must be the outcome of a single mighty inspiration. This is far from the truth, for the composing of it was spread over six years, and the parts of it were not even written consecutively. Over a third of it was borrowed from earlier work.

A Catch Question

ASK your friend to solve this very simple problem.

A box contained nine ears of corn, and a mouse took out three ears every day. How long did it take to empty the box?

If your friend says three days you can point out that the mouse took out one ear of corn every day and its own two ears.

Ici On Parle Français



La figure Une anguille La figure
Cette figure est celle d'un homme.
L'anguille ressemble à un serpent.
Nos figures ne sont pas très mûres.

A Little Figure Practice

Ask a friend to write down the figures 1 to 9, but omitting 8, and then ask him to indicate which figure is the most badly written. Perhaps he will say 6. Then multiply 6 by 9, which gives 54. Now ask him to do this sum.

12345679
54

49382716
617283950

666666666

Try this with any of the figures in the top line, but remember to multiply the chosen figure by 9.

What Is It?

It's seen in stone and dwells in wood;
It shuns the bad but loves the good;
It's often used when John is hurt;
It shuns not gold, though it does dirt;

It's seen in you, but not in me;
And now its name you'll quickly see.

Answer next week

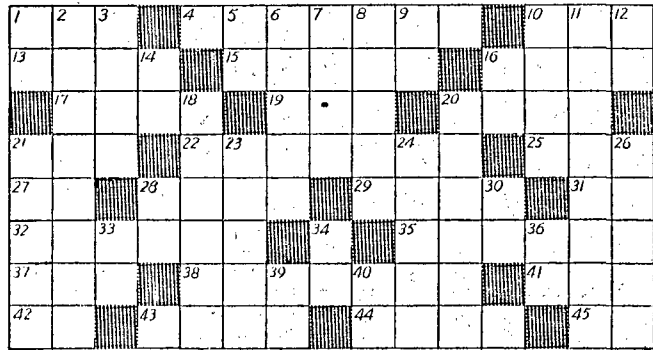
Still Waters Run Deep

HERE is another way of saying the proverb:

When aqueous fluid is perceived by murmuring uninfected,
The theory of profundity may safely be rejected.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 51 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.

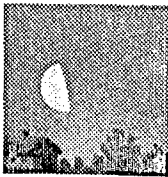


Reading Across. 1. An arithmetical problem. 4. To patch again. 10. Perform. 13. A burden. 15. A friendly bird. 16. Beloved. 17. A paragraph. 19. A goblin. 20. Shape. 21. Mother of us all. 22. Giving tranquillity. 25. A Siberian river. 27. Compass point.* 28. Solitary. 29. Often seen in winter. 31. The Navy.* 32. Threefold. 35. Child's name for father. 37. French for is. 38. A glove. 41. A knock. 42. Royal Engineers.* 43. Guides. 44. Gaelic. 45. Part of the Bible.*

Reading Down. 1. In this manner. 2. The general system of things. 3. Silent. 5. Edwardus Rex.* 6. The art of composing poems. 7. Competent. 8. Small quarrels. 9. The first newspaper for children.* 10. Pertaining to the air. 11. Relating to Wales. 12. Transpose.* 14. Compass point.* 16. Accomplish. 18. Household. 20. Corks. 21. To go in. 23. To abate. 24. Beneath. 26. Foolish. 28. Above and touching. 30. War Department.* 33. Pronoun. 34. Denoting contiguity. 36. Doctor.* 39. Nova Scotia.* 40. French for the.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Jupiter is in the South. In the evening Saturn and Venus are in the South-West, Uranus is in the South, and Jupiter is in the East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 a.m. on December 2.



Inversions

INVERT a sliding box in case or table,
You'll find a recompense—it is no fable.

A portion if tis backwards read
Will prove to be a snare instead.
Invert a colour, quiet, staid,
A term for Poet you have made.

Answers next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Walking Race Crossing Out Circles
One hour

A Charade
For-tune

What Am I?
Today (yesterday, today, tomorrow)

A Hidden Machine. TraY, Picture, Water, Infant, Electro.

Dr MERRYMAN

Sympathy

THE would-be poet was telling his friend that burglars had visited his house.

"What happened?" asked the friend.

"They searched everywhere," said the poet, "and then left a one-pound note on my desk."

Perhaps Not

THE angler was relating his experiences of the day before.

"It was a wonderful trout," he said. "You never saw such a fish."

"No," agreed his friend, "I don't suppose you ever did."

A Good Tumbler



GOOD tumblers (the mislaid's said) Is what these glasses be.
But this one tumbled on my head
And broke, as you can see.

The Difference

PETER hated taking medicine. "I hate it too, sonny," said his mother, "but I just make up my mind I will take it and do."

"Yes, Mummy," said young hopeful, "and I just make up my mind that I won't and I don't."

Floundering

THE local operatic society had tackled a very difficult opera and the leading lady was struggling with one of her solos.

"Don't you think her singing is full of soul?" asked an enthusiast in the audience.

"Flounder is the word, I think, not sole," replied a music-lover.

Could Not Be Otherwise

THE bore had been talking about lots of things of no particular importance.

"My eyes are very weak," he said. "I wonder why?"

"They are in a weak place," said an elderly man, who had been trying to read his paper.



HEALTHIEST BOY.....

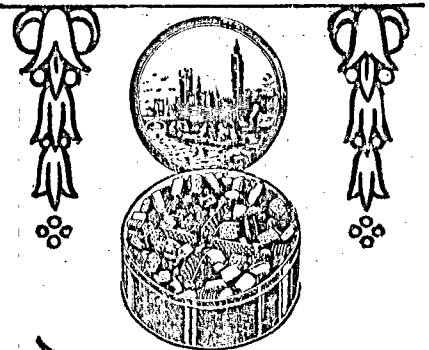
"Many people tell me John is the healthiest four-year-old they know," his mother says. "California Syrup of Figs" deserves much of the credit for his splendid condition. I have used it for him regularly since babyhood. I have given it to him, too, for upsets and colds. It always makes him normal in a few hours."

Millions of mothers know the quick, pleasant way to end a child's irregularities; relieves his biliousness, feverishness, headaches; increase appetite and energy, is with a few spoonfuls of "California Syrup of Figs."

Now, many are learning they can prevent troubles of this kind; keep a child in fine condition by the regular weekly dose of this same pure vegetable product which doctors everywhere endorse. Children love its flavour. It acts without discomfort or harm, 1/3 and 2/6 of all chemists. Emphasize the word "California" and avoid mistakes.

"CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS"

IDEAL LAXATIVE FOR CHILDREN



Ask Mummy to buy KREEMY PIECES

Then you are sure of a real treat, for Sharp's Kreemy Toffee Pieces are so pure and wholesome, so lovely in flavour and such a lot for the money. Mummy will certainly buy you some if you ask her very nicely, because if she has tasted it she likes it herself.

SHARP'S KREEMY TOFFEE PIECES

1d per ounce 1d

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

TOMORROW being Sheila's birthday Mother was going to give her a new ten-shilling note toward a fairy-cycle.

She had been saving up for it and that would just make the full amount. And then Mother lost the note!

It was a very strange thing, for she knew she had had it just before putting Baby John to bed. She was writing an envelope to put the money in while John was busy wrapping up a blue thimble that he had bought for Sheila's birthday present.

He insisted on doing it all by himself, wrapping and unwrapping his present with his fat little fingers and crooning with joy. And then Mother was called away, and

she forgot the note until she came downstairs after putting Baby John to bed.

She looked everywhere, but she could not find it.



"Just look!" cried Sheila

"I will wait till Sheila is in bed and then have another good search all over the room for it," thought Mother.

And so she did. But, though she searched high and low, she could not find the ten-shilling note anywhere.

She was very vexed, for she had only a shilling or two and some coppers in the house, and so could not get another note for Sheila until the bank opened in the morning.

"Oh, well," she thought, "I shall just have to put Sheila's birthday cake by her plate, and tell her that my present will be coming a little later. I hope she won't be disappointed."

Next morning Sheila found two parcels by post, some chocolates from Jane, a bunch of flowers, and Mother's cake by her plate at breakfast. But of course Baby John's

JOHN'S PRESENT

present had to come first: he insisted on giving it to Sheila at once.

"Happy Returns!" he cried. Sheila was delighted with her thimble, and John, who was as pleased as she was, wanted her to put it on her finger at once.

"But, Mummy!" cried Sheila in astonishment. "Just look what John's wrapped my thimble in!" And she held up a crumpled ten-shilling note.

"Well!" said her mother, laughing, "so that is where my ten-shilling note went!" And she told Sheila how it had disappeared.

"So John has given you my present as well as his own," she ended, kissing Sheila.

"John's present," insisted John stoutly.